ELINOR GLYN TALKS ON SUMMER FLIRTATIONS

Movie Weekly

AUGUST 9th 1924

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Is Baby Peggy a Heroine at Home?
see Page 7

News of Pearl White!

Alma Rubens
Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

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How Do the Stars Spend Their Money?

When we hear about the hundreds of dollars a star draws every week, our own incomes sound like pin money by comparison. Of course their expenses increase with their salaries . . . but even so, how do they spend their star gold?

"Hubby"

That's the title of Harold Lloyd's next comedy. And that is exactly what Harold is these domestic days . . . hubby to Mildred Davis Lloyd, and the Proudest Father in the World to the little Mildred Gloria.

Grace Kingsley has written a story of the Lloyds in their big house, which already centers around the sunny nursery and its pink bassinet.

Would you like to see some lovely pictures of Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Ronald Colman in "Romola," the big picture they recently filmed in Rome? We have selected several which we think the most beautiful of all and will publish them in a double page layout next week.

These features and others besides in the

August 16th Movie Weekly

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Photograph by Hanrah

Mrs. Rex Ingram

Alice Terry has deserted her husband!

Professionally, we mean. And temporarily, we hasten to add.

While *Rex Ingram* rests after having cut *"The Arab," Miss Terry* is appearing in a screen version of *"The Great Divide,"* opposite *Conway Tearle.*

When her work in this picture is completed, the *Ingrams* plan to sail for *Algeria,* where they will live in retirement in the old *Moorish* castle they purchased during their recent sojourn there.

However, we can't get excited over this threatened retirement. For we do not believe the *Great American Public* will let them hide their gifts away for very long.

Time will tell . . .

Emotion Is Heart Wealth. Don't Fritter Away Your Love Fortune on Worthless Things or You May be Bankrupt When the Big Love Comes

Elinor Glyn on Summer Flirtations

By Dorothy Donnell

"I should say to *August* lovers, don't take your summer love into your winter life, or at least test it thoroughly by grey winter light and bright electric light before you promise to honor and obey. A man and woman should know one another well before they are engaged . . . then marry as soon as possible. For an engagement is an inhuman and unnatural relationship."

IF Elinor Glyn had lived in days of remote B. C.-ness, she would have been regarded as an oracle, and sat attired in a becoming laurel wreath while the maidens of Greece came to consult her on questions of Love—how to win the heart of Phidias, handsomest of the discus throwers, how to keep Anachron's eyes from straying toward that blonde hussey, Dido.

Even today, when the burning question does not concern love, but "Where Can You Get It?" Elinor Glyn occupies an oracular position in matters of the heart. So, when recently we fled from a seaside vacation, where the ocean was crowded with ardent courtships, to mountain nights dulcet with murmurs of "Aren't you *awful*!" under our windows, when we looked in vain for a park bench in Los Angeles, where we would not be the proverbial crowd, we sought out this author to get her views on Summer Flirtations.

"In her books and pictures," we reflected, as we bumped over the rough roads on our way to Culver City, "Mrs. Glyn sponsors time limit courtships—Three Weeks, Six Days, His Hour. According to her, even a stenographer's summer vacation is long enough for Romance."

There is absolutely no use trying to get away from the oracle-simile, for Elinor Glyn, with her classic wreaths of tawny braids, her strange, narrow, heavy-lidded eyes and eloquent white hands which seem to shed sparks of fire when her rings flash, is strikingly Greek. She speaks in delphic style, too, measuring her words, putting her thoughts into phrases, cryptic, quotable, compact as—let us say, face powder.

We characterize summer feelingly as the Silly Season.

"It is the light," nodded Mrs. Glyn—or Madame Glyn, as most people call her, with the vague feeling that just plain "Mrs." is inadequate. "Emotion is primarily a matter of light, you know. If girls knew how few proposals are made under the hard glare of electric bulbs, they would go back to the candles of their grandmothers. Of course, summer sunshine, sifting through leaves, twilight, moon-light, is more romantic than winter greyness. When all Nature blooms, it is not strange that human beings long to bloom, too, to reach out like buds toward joy—light—life. Yes, yes, summer is the natural time for romance, but when you speak of *Love*——"

Until you have heard that word uttered in a low English voice, accompanied by the flash of long grey eyes and the rainbow fires of many rings—until, in short, you have heard it spoken by Elinor Glyn, you cannot realize what a solemn, musical, mysterious word "Love" is!

"Summer flirtations are not love affairs!" she shook her head. "They are cheap imitations. I should think that a fastidious woman would not care for imitation love any more than she would care for false jewels. But, you see, this subject is difficult for me because it is something I know so little about. I am quite sure that a girl could not

carry on a summer flirtation with an Englishman, or a Frenchman Italian or Spaniard. No European man would stand being tantalized, coquetted with—deliberately *teased*. He would either walk away in disgust from a girl who tried such tactics with him or strangle her! Europe is a place of strong emotions, passions, not ephemeral affairs such as I take you to mean by summer flirtations. Tell me"—she leaned forward—"how far would such an affair go? As far as—*kisses?*"

"On the other hand a woman has a divine right to romance. A flirtation that will gild dull lives, that will give beautiful memories to take back into workaday life — why not? A girl who can keep her head will save her heart. I speak only of the girl because her chances of being hurt in an emotional experiment are greater than a man's."

WE admitted feebly that it might go to osculatory lengths, not thinking it best to mention the "kiss-proof" lip sticks we had seen in a beauty parlor window this very morning under a sign "Week-End Necessities."

Elinor Glyn sighed. "Young people do not know the mighty forces they are playing with as carelessly as children with explosives! Any touching arouses the procreative instinct—the primal purpose which lies at the bottom of sex attraction. After that it is all a question of self-control."

"But many summer flirtations end in marriage," we suggested.

"And most of such marriages end in the divorce court!". The rings flashed as their wearer went on to explain her theory of married happiness which is impossible to those who do not mate on all three of the planes—physical, mental and spiritual. Without a perfect balance of the three, the man or woman who finds the other lacking in one or more planes will be unfaithful in *desire* if not in fact.

"But the senses are so easily pleased!" sighed Madame Glyn. "Especially in the summertime! Nature conspires with Youth to deceive us. Love may not be blind, but it is certainly near-sighted! No, no, I should say to August lovers don't take your summer love into your winter life, or at least test it thoroughly by grey winter light and bright electric light before you promise to honor and obey. A man and woman should know one another well before they are engaged. Afterward—they should marry as soon as possible! An engagement is an inhuman and unnatural relationship."

Love, she went on to say, may not be played with any more than any other fire which, if it does not consume utterly, leaves an ugly scar upon the heart.

"If wrong you do (she quoted),
if false you play
In summer amid the flowers
You shall atone, you must repay
In winter among the showers."

"But if a flirtation can be managed without love entering in—if it is merely an emotional outing?" we queried meekly, as befits one conversing with oracles. "Think of the girls who work day in, day out, all year and have only two weeks of their vacation to really *live* in!"

Summer Love

By Faith Baldwin

These are the butterfly loves of an hour,
Moth-loves that joust with the flame,
Tropical loves of a sudden, frail flower,
Daring to take Love's grave name.

Born of the wind and the moon and the trees,
Snatching at fleeting delight,
Thistledown loves—what is lighter than these?
Secret and brief as the night.

One would not fancy they might leave a stain,
"Take them," one says, "and forget——"
But Love is a shrine that no man dare profane.
These may be the loves of regret!

"OH, the poor, hungry ones!" The eloquent white hands seemed to gather them figuratively to Elinor's heart. "A woman has a divine right to romance! A flirtation that will gild dull lives, that will give beautiful memories to take back into workaday life—why not? A girl who can keep her head will save her heart. I speak only of the girl, you see, because her chances of being hurt in an emotional experiment are greater than a man's. What is it the poet says? 'Love is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence.'"

Here is Elinor Glyn's Commandment for a Woman.

Never lay up for yourselves limitations! If, she illustrates, a girl goes on a vacation and spends *all* her money, she limits her future financially. If she goes on a vacation and brings back experiences and memories which make the life she must live harder and drearier than before, she has laid up to herself limitations.

"Emotion," says Elinor Glyn, "is heart wealth. One has only a certain amount of money—and of emotional power. Don't fritter away your love fortune on worthless things (*Continued on page* 30)

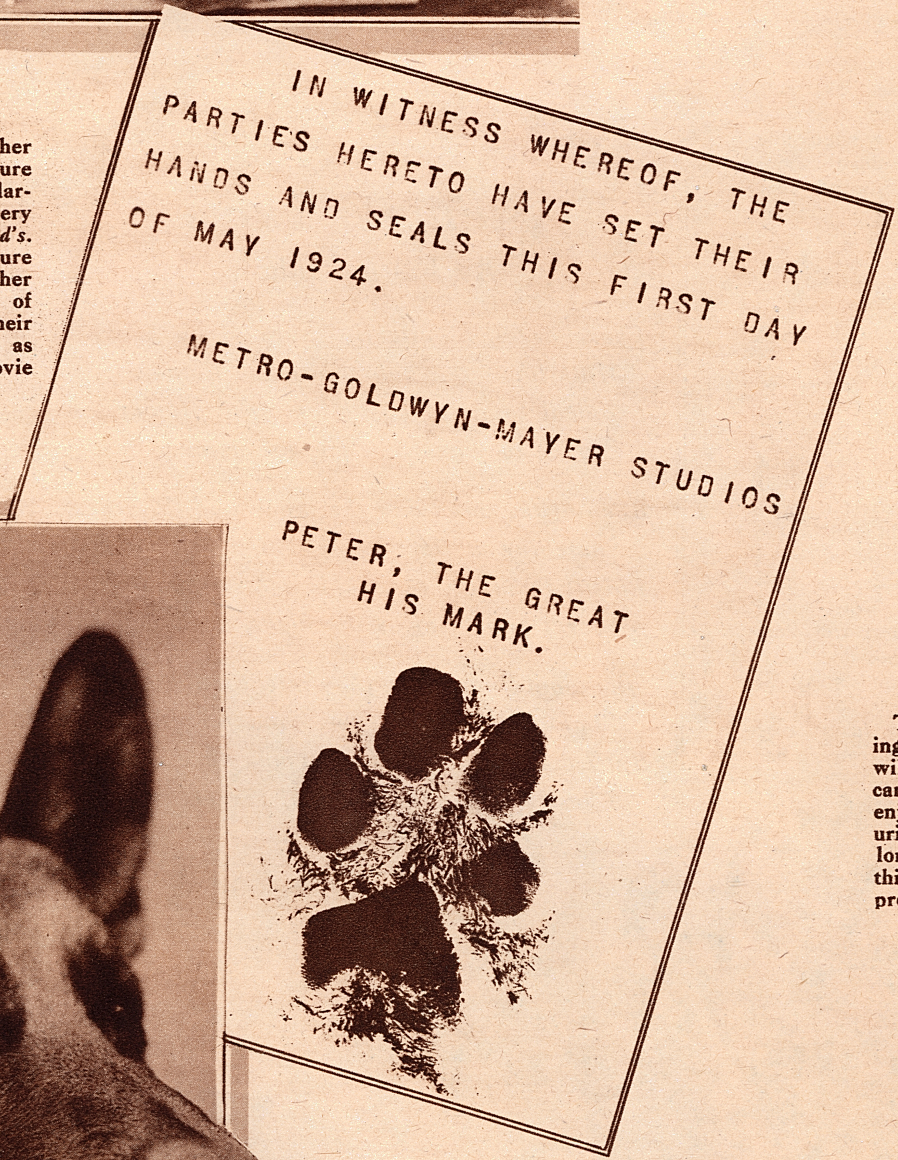
"The usual advice to girls is to do nothing that will allow a man to think cheaply of them. But I say—do nothing that will make you think less of *yourself* afterwards. For we all have to live on intimate terms with ourself for the rest of our days."

On the left is *Madame Glyn* with *Director King Vidor* and *John Mescall*, cameraman, consulting over a scene of her story *"His Hour."*

Dog Days

Once upon a time, every mother in the land sought a motion picture engagement for her daughter, declaring that *Mary Jane's* curls were every bit as beautiful as *Mary Pickford's*.

And nowadays the motion picture producers are deluged with another sort of communication. Nine out of every ten dog owners write that their animal is quite as intelligent as *Strongheart*, and offer his movie services.



IN WITNESS WHEREOF, THE PARTIES HERETO HAVE SET THEIR HANDS AND SEALS THIS FIRST DAY OF MAY 1924.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS

PETER, THE GREAT
HIS MARK.

The popular old saying, "A dog's life . . ." will have to be discarded. For with dogs enjoying all the luxuries of stardom, it no longer expresses those things it used to express.

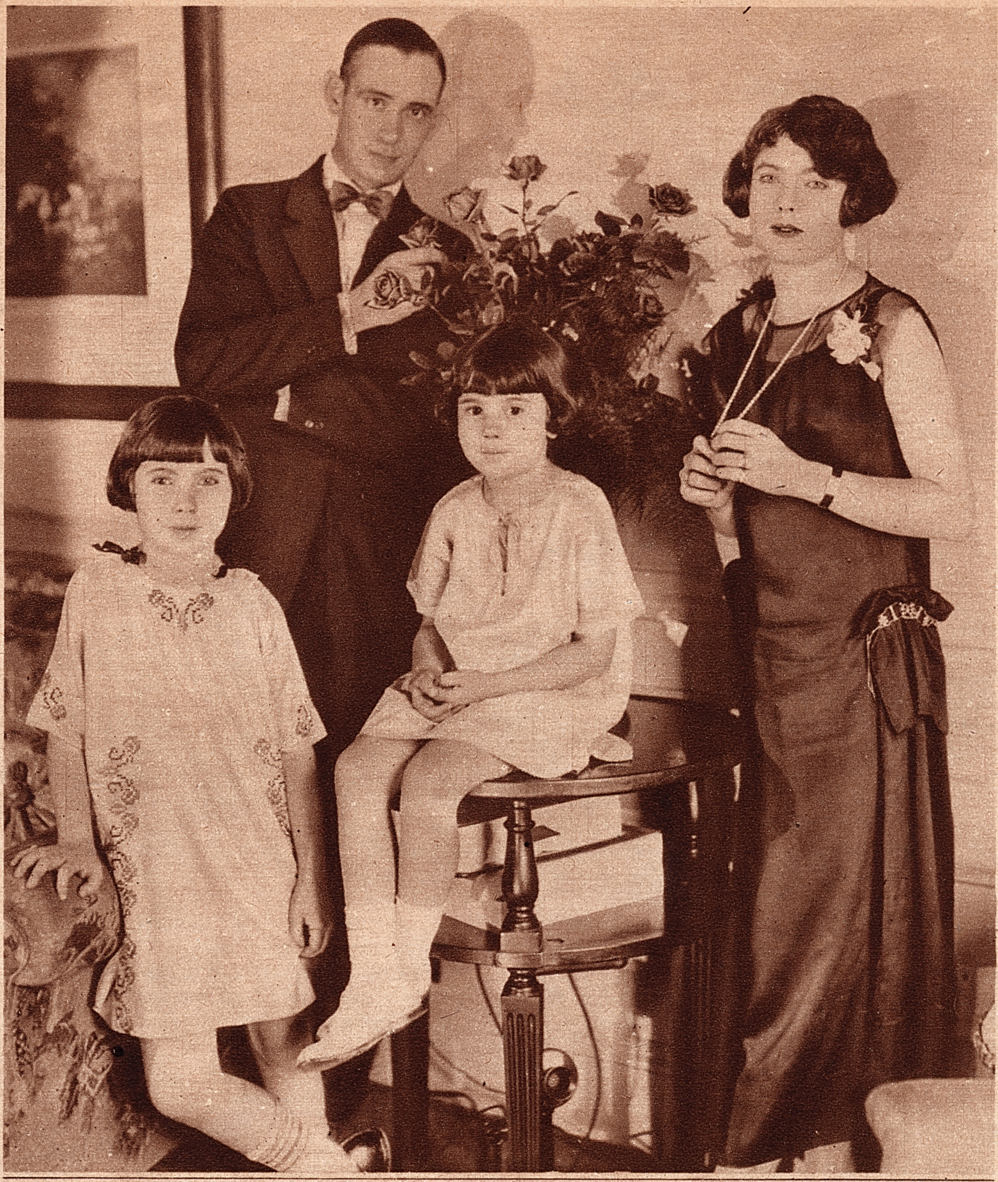
Mr. Peter the Great, of *German* police variety, is the latest dog to sign a stellar contract. He is seen at the top of the page with *Harry Rapf*, who will direct him in *"The Silent Accuser."*

Just above is a reproduction of his unique contract . . .

And on the left is one of his recent portraits.

Oh, for a dog's life!

If No Man Is a Hero to His Valet



Peggy's parents do not treat her as if she were a child wonder. They do not permit her to "show off" in front of visitors. And she isn't allowed to consider herself of any more importance than her sister, *Louise*.

This picture of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Montgomery*, *Louise* and *Peggy* was taken at their hotel, during their recent visit to *New York*.

Photograph by Russell Ball

By Gladys Hall

Is Baby PEGGY a Heroine at Home?

WE don't know whether Baby Peggy is "a hero to her valet," i.e., her nurse, or not. But we do know that she is not "a hero" to her parents. She is only their little girl, whom they love very much, of whom they are justifiably proud and with whom they are very strict.

We don't suppose that any little girl the country-wide lives a more regulated, disciplined, normal life than does the little Broadway starlet. That is, in her immediate home life. And we are sure that no child is more obedient to that good, old-fashioned thing, parental jurisdiction.

Baby Peggy serves not only as an object of artistic admiration, but as a precept and an example to other children and something of an indictment to many other parents.

The other day we paid a call on Baby Peggy at the Montgomery suite in the Hotel Ambassador, New York. Which means, of course, that we also paid a call on Baby Peggy's mother and father and sister Louise, about three years older than Peggy Jean Montgomery, who is five.

When we arrived we found the children playing dolls. But not quite as most little girls of our acquaintance play dolls. The dolls themselves were odd-appearing personages, two being obviously of the masculine persuasion and clad in sea-faring rubber suits of blue and red rubber. And the other two were of the negro persuasion, feminine gender. The four dolls were ranged in small chairs fronting a sofa, from which depended a white handkerchief. This, Peggy explained to me, in her crisp, clear speech, was the screen, and the dolls were the audience. "One of them," said Peggy, "is a little girl seeing her own picture."

And, incidentally, Peggy further informed me that the gentlemen dolls were both named "Mr. Bosworth," and that the tinted ladies, respectively, "Alice" and "Mary Alice." Needless to state, too, that Hobart Bosworth plays the role of "Daddy Judkins" in Baby Peggy's first big starring vehicle, "Captain January."

Peggy informed me that she didn't think so much of herself in "Captain January," and that "Helen's Babies" (still "in the can"), is her favorite picture. After which she resumed her play, being much more interested in the doll game than in talking to a representative of that abstraction, the press.

We had thought to talk, before we arrived, with Baby Peggy's nurse. About how she is brought up. What she eats. How she plays. Etc., etc. But Baby Peggy is not brought up by her nurse. She is brought up by her mother and father. She eats at table with them. They care for

Peggy goes to bed at seven o'clock. She eats the simplest kind of food, plenty of fresh vegetables, fresh milk and cereals . . . and as soon as she gets home from the studios she goes out to play with *Louise* and forgets all about her work.

This little picture of *Miss Montgomery* was taken when she arrived in *New York* and was made an honorary member of the *Brownies*, a junior order of the *Girl Scouts*. Peggy seems pleased to death over her honor . . .

her, discipline her, watch over her diet, sleep, recreation, friends, as well as her professional career. Miss Cloy, their nurse, is an able aider and abettor of the Montgomery parental code, but it is to mother and daddy that Baby Peggy turns with her small needs, questions and demands.

She is not a prodigy to them. Not in their treatment of her, at any rate. She isn't allowed to consider herself of any more importance than Louise. She isn't permitted to "show off" in front of visitors. With the happy result that she is just a normal, cunning little girl, brighter than most little girls, more self-possessed, but a little girl just the same, who plays with dolls and whose gift of drama seems to be no more to her than a recitation on a school-room platform is to most kiddies of her age. Not so much, perhaps. For Baby Peggy's "art" is a native gift, as much a part of her growth as her soft dark hair and sturdy little limbs.

Photograph by Russell Ball

IT was then to Baby Peggy's pretty young mother that we talked. We asked her, as being best qualified to know, what she thought it was that had made Baby Peggy what she is today.

"I think," said Peggy's mother, "that it is *because she minds so well.*"

We begged further elucidation of this homily conception of infant genius.

"We have always been very strict with the children," said Mrs. Montgomery. "That is one reason why we so seldom allow Peggy or Louise to play with other children. I can't imagine why it is, but most parents don't seem to expect their children to obey them. We do insist upon our children obeying us and obeying us implicitly. And so, when Peggy came to go on the screen, she obeyed her director and those in authority just as carefully as she had always obeyed us. She did what she was told without question.

"Then, too, I think that Peggy is very well-balanced. Some children are geniuses in one field. Such as the little prodigy who plays chess, for instance. They have one line. Peggy is developed all 'round. That is why she can weep one moment, laugh the next. And, incidentally, her father is the only one who can make her cry in pictures. She is naturally of a very happy disposition and happy people are frequently the most responsive.

"At home she goes to bed at seven o'clock. She eats the simplest kind of food, plenty of fresh vegetables, fresh milk and cereals. When we are traveling we always carry Poland water with us. I think that a great majority of childish sicknesses come from impure water.

"SHE and Louise play together most of the time. They seldom play with other children and don't seem to need to. That is one reason why we haven't sent Louise to school as yet. She would, in the nature of things, come home with a lot of new tricks and Peggy is only too ready to acquire the new ones. We wish to keep her under our immediate supervision for as long as possible. When the time comes they will have a governess and be taught at home. Peggy can read a little now and spell a few simple words and do a few simple sums. She isn't by any means a prodigy in the fields of learning!

"At home Louise and Peggy play most of the time out of doors with their velocipedes and toy automobiles. When Peggy comes home from the studio, Louise is there waiting to play with her and Peggy immediately enters into the childish play and forgets all about her work. Louise is very good for Peggy, for she keeps her down to earth. I do pity an only child."

"Do you think," we said, "that Louise ever feels jealous of the attention Peggy receives?"

"We don't allow her to," said the wise little Mrs. Montgomery. "We make no difference in our home life and such differences as are made outside we very carefully explain to Louise, making her feel one of *us.* The only time I ever remember Louise asking anything about it had to do with Peggy having more dresses than she has. We explained to her that Peggy has them for her work in the studio and would not have them (*Continued on page* 30)

Peggy loves to "listen in" and is pictured above with the radio which was installed in their hotel suite. At the left, our photographer caught her as she turned from her drawing. Drawing shapes which are labeled cat or dog or cow, occupy a good portion of her time. And, on the right, *Peggy* is seen with *Miss Cloy,* her nurse.

My Own Story of My TRIP ABROAD

by Rudolph VALENTINO

Telling of the Last Days in Europe

Hotel Casino, Cherbourg,
October 7th.

IT is evening of the same day . . . later than evening . . . nine o'clock.

Now, while Natacha is still resting, I sit by the window writing this page in my diary until it is time to board the *President Adams*. The night is fair, a moon shining, as though to say to us that last night never happened, that it was some troubled mirage of troubled minds . . . thus does Nature heal the wounds she makes . . .

London,
October 11th.

Natacha said to me this morning, "Has the memory of that night in Cherbourg evaporated from your mind?" and I told her that it might have done so had it not been for the ironic bit of news we received when we arrived in London and saw Mr. Williams.

All through the danger and terror of that night, all through the chill and discomfort of the next day, I had been thinking, well, at least I did what I could for an important cause. I dared everything for the sake of something vital. One should do what one can when great matters are at stake. I now have nothing to reproach myself with."

That is what I thought. And had such been the case I would have patted myself on the back and told myself that such is the stuff of the eventual conqueror and let it go at that.

This is what actually happened: The *President Adams* finally arrived at Cherbourg that night at eleven o'clock. We arrived in London the next day and found that Mr. Williams had been awaiting us all the preceding day, I said, almost breathlessly, "WHY did you want us to come aboard the *Leviathan* at Cherbourg?"

I held my breath for his answer, thinking that in a sentence, my future, my plans, things near and important to us both were to have some revealing light shed upon them.

"Oh," he said, "oh, yes, why, we had a nice party arranged for you. We wanted you to have a good time. *We had a band all ready.*"

"We had a band all ready" . . .

I don't know why, but that kindly enough, casual little remark seemed to undo me. It brought back vividly, too vividly, that scene by the transport, with the sea raging and the sky down-pouring and the trunks growling about like living things, and death to right and left of us, while, above, a band and a party waited. A band that might so logically have played Chopin's Funeral March!

BUT I had to laugh. And so did Natacha. There we had been taking parts in a melodrama of the elements the like of which I never expect to equal in a role, just for a nice supper and to hear a band play!

What Thomas Hardy would doubtless describe as one of "Life's Little Ironies."

There was nothing of any importance to discuss. Nothing that we didn't already know. I told Mr. Williams what had happened and he was, of course, sincerely sorry. But what one hasn't actually lived through is a difficult thing to grasp and I don't suppose anyone but Natacha and I and the man in our boat will ever really and fully grasp how close we said farewell to life that night.

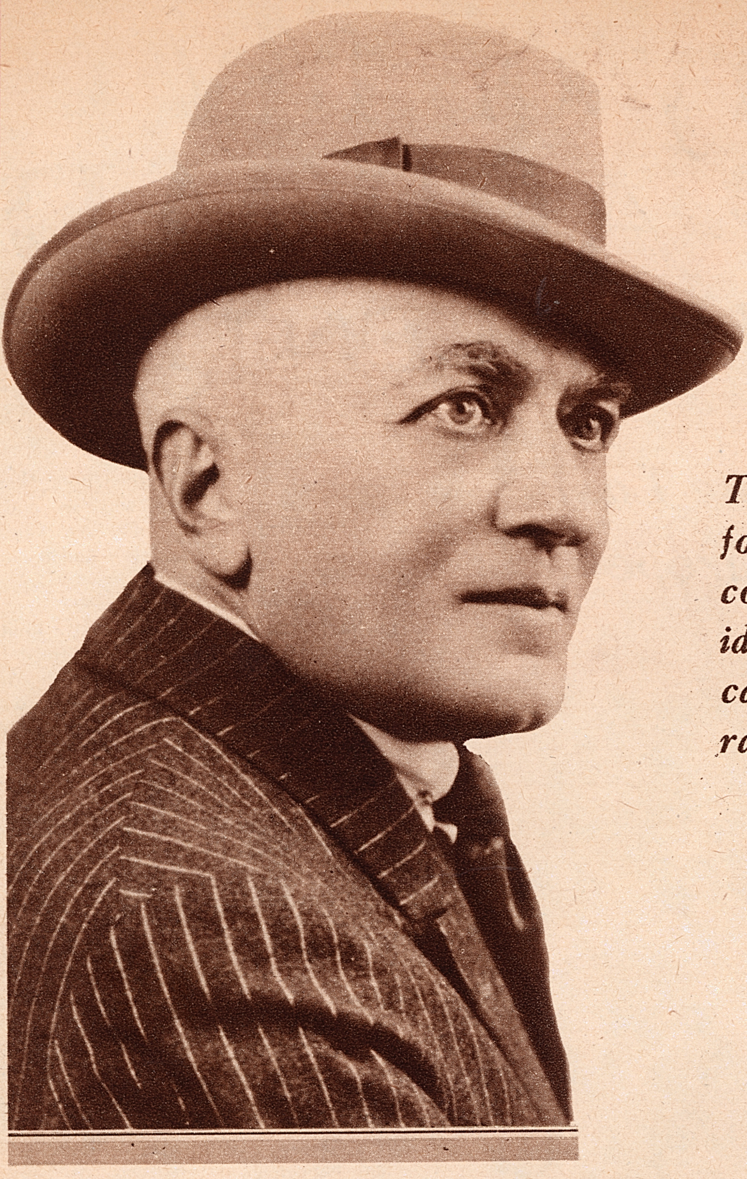
We have two more days in London, then America-bound.

We have seen one or two plays. Had a few business talks. We've seen several of our friends and have been entertained at dinner. And we have thoroughly enjoyed the hotel and the feeling of comfort and safety. The next time I write we will be on our way home—on the ocean—homeward bound.

You have followed Rudolph Valentino through the fascinations of his journey thus far. Go with him the rest of the way in next week's issue.

We discovered that *Mr. Williams* had wanted us to come aboard the *Leviathan* that stormy night . . . when we had nearly lost our lives attempting it . . . in order to be present at a party he had arranged for us. And there we had tempted *Death*, thinking something vitally important was to take place. Another of *Life's* little ironies . . .

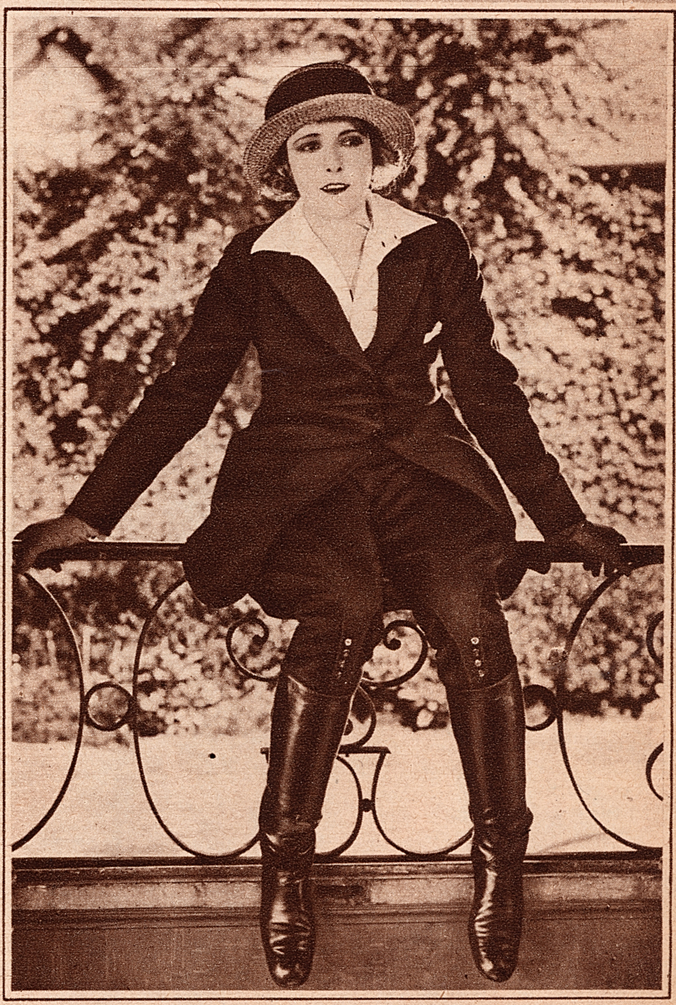
This is an advance scene from *"The Sainted Devil,"* the picture upon which *Mr. Valentino* is now at work. The actress with him in this love scene is *Helena D'Algy*. Incidentally, this is a screen version of the story, *"Rope's End."*



The Pearl Her Director Knows

The public may be fickle, but they have never forgotten Pearl White, even though she has not come to our screen now for years. She is the idol of Paris, where she lives, and where they call her Perle Blanche. There her big white racing car is one of the sights pointed out to you on the Parisian boulevards.

Edward Jose, Her Director
Talks to
Alma Talley



"YES, Pearl White is still making pictures occasionally, when the spirit . . . or the salary . . . moves her."

Across the table from me sat Edward Jose, who had just had the pleasure of directing Pearl in a studio outside of Paris. Miss White has been such a mysterious sort of person recently, never telling anybody anything, never giving the real reason why she has adopted France, more or less permanently, that one eagerly wonders what has become of her.

"Why did she go to France to live?" I asked her director, when the waiter had taken our order.

Mr. Jose is a most discreet gentleman.

"Because she likes it better there, I suppose," and he shrugged in true Continental fashion. That, of course, was the right answer. It couldn't have been righter. Or more discreet.

"Isn't it because," I ventured, on the strength of a current rumor, "Miss White has ties there . . . of affection?"

"That," said Mr. Jose, "is not for me to say. Miss White herself is the only one who can speak of that . . . isn't that so?"

Most discreet, Mr. Jose.

"I thought Pearl had retired from the screen?" I said. One hears all sorts of things about Pearl White . . . that she has spent every cent of the fortune she made in pictures . . . that she has plenty of money . . . even, that she has entered a convent. And then one sees pictures of her at the races; a returned traveler reports having seen her in Monte Carlo. The penalty of being mysterious . . . anyone can believe anything about you.

"Retired?" Mr. Jose repeated. "I believe she did say that; they all say that . . . isn't that so?"

"Quite so," I agreed. It is true. They all say they have retired . . . and then they all come back. What is life, for a screen star, without its

Pearl White **plans to make one or two pictures a year. She also aspires to become a director. And every now and then she appears in *French* revues. When *Pearl* read the scenario of *"Terror,"* she decided she wanted to play in it, and running across *Edward Jose* in *Nice,* she prevailed upon him to give up his vacationing and direct her in it.**

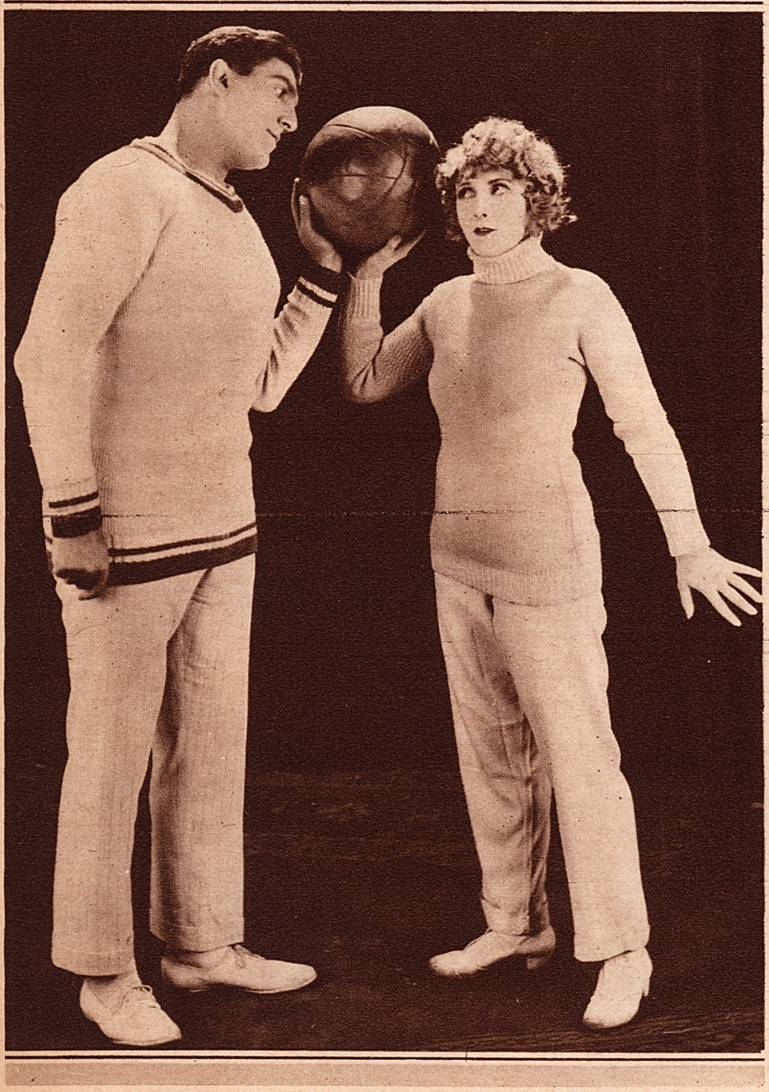
At the top of the page is a new camera study of *Mr. Jose* . . . and on the right is the always-popular *Pearl* in a scene from *"Terror."*

Here is the company anxiously waiting for the sun, in order to go on with their work. *Mr. Jose* and *Pearl* are seen in the foreground . . . *Pearl* anxiously scanning the Heavens . . .

Mr. Jose explained that many of the scenes of this picture were taken beneath the streets of *Paris* . . . it was the first time the *French* officials have ever permitted a company to work there.

"*Pearl*," said *Mr. Jose*, "spends a great deal of money. She is content with nothing less than a whole suite of rooms at a very expensive hotel . . . sitting room . . . bedroom . . . bath . . . and a room for her maid. But she is the idol of *France*. They think she's the greatest woman in *America*."

Below *Pearl* is seen with *Bobby Lee*, her leading man in "*Terror*."



little limelight! And then there's the salary, when one gets hard up.

"Pearl White spends a great deal of money," Mr. Jose remarked. "The Crillon is a very expensive hotel, especially for Americans. And Miss White is content with nothing less than a whole suite of rooms."

Sitting room . . . bedroom . . . bath . . . and a room for her maid. And France palpitating to see Pearl White on the screen. She's the idol of France. In America, she's a popular screen star . . . but there are dozens of popular screen stars. In France—well, in France, she's more than a popular screen star; she's the whole industry.

"They think she's the greatest woman in America," Mr. Jose expressed it.

And so, to go on with the tale, when someone submitted the story of "Terror" to Pearl, she decided she wanted to play in it. And she ran across Mr. Jose, an old friend, by accident . . . in Nice, I believe it was.

"What are you doing now?" she asked him.

Mr. Jose was having a long vacation, traveling here and there all about Europe. The first vacation he had taken in ten years of picture directing. But Pearl talked him out of it; she persuaded him to direct her in "Terror," a feature length picture with all the typical Pearl White serial stunts. So they went to work in a studio just outside of Paris, with an all-French supporting company, except for the leading man, Bobby Lee, an American actor whom Mr. Jose ran across by chance.

"The studio equipment was very poor, compared to our American studios," said Mr. Jose. "The lights were not powerful enough; I had to hire power wagons to reinforce them."

But the picture turned out well. At least, it ran for three months at a Paris theatre, and the French government made Mr. Jose an Officer of Public Instruction in honor of his achievement. An interesting feature of the picture is the fact that parts of it were made in the sewers of Paris, the underground streets which run under the entire city for the purpose of carrying the sewer and water pipes. This was the first time the Paris officials had ever permitted a picture company to work there. And they had to get in and out through manholes." Pearl White must have been right at home. Stunts are her forte.

"THE lights," Mr. Jose explained, "we had to put in through the emergency doors. But the doors open on the edge of the Seine and one can only get in and out at low tide. Obviously, the company couldn't wait for low tide every time we wanted to get in and out . . . isn't that so?"

Pearl White plans to make perhaps one or two pictures a year; she also aspires to become a director. A versatile young lady, is Pearl. She also appears occasionally in French revues; her most recent such appearance was in the Casino de Paris, a famous cabaret, which burned during the time of her engagement, incidentally destroying (*Continued on page 26*)

On the right is a new portrait of our star-author . . .
And below in the circles are two interesting pictures of her as a child. Needless to say they were secured from the *Blythe's* old family album where they were labeled, *"Betty at five."*

It is amazing how many of the motion picture stars do other things well. We're sure that the readers of this *Betty Blythe* autobiography will agree with us that *Miss Blythe* might easily earn her living with her pen

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

The child who had forged two checks to send me flowers turned out to be the daughter of the religious fanatic who had edited a paper headlining the words:
"The naked *Queen of Sheba* is in town. Keep your wives and children at home."

The True Story of my Life

Betty Blythe

All of us dream of the things we will do if Fame chances to smile upon us and drops her gold pieces in our lap. But those who have known Fame will tell you that she is a capricious mistress and must be courted unceasingly or else she will leave you. And this leaves little time for most of the plans which occupy such dreaming.

Here Betty Blythe finds success making great demands upon both her abilities and her time.

[*SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS ON PAGE* 25]

WHEN full realization of what this child had done in order to send me flowers came to me, I was terribly sorry that she should have erred for my sake and rushed to the police station to free her, if possible. This, however, being her second offense, she was sent to a detention home for a year. The investigation had revealed a startling thing! She was the daughter of the religious fanatic who had edited the paper headlining the words:

"The naked Queen of Sheba is in town. Keep your wives and children at home."

During the week of my appearances there, I had the pleasure of a call from two pastors of prominent churches in Fort Worth and was highly gratified by their endorsement of the film, the preview showing of which they had gone to censor and remained, greatly touched, to approve.

Another thing that occurred to me on personal appearances was new-born twins being named for me, one Betty Ralston, a girl, and the other Blythe Ralston, a boy. This tribute was deeply appreciated by me and I had the joy of holding the little souls in my arms and being photographed with them.

Another flattering tribute was my being voted the favorite moving picture star of Princeton University following the release of the "Queen of Sheba," Norma Talmadge having preceded me in the honor.

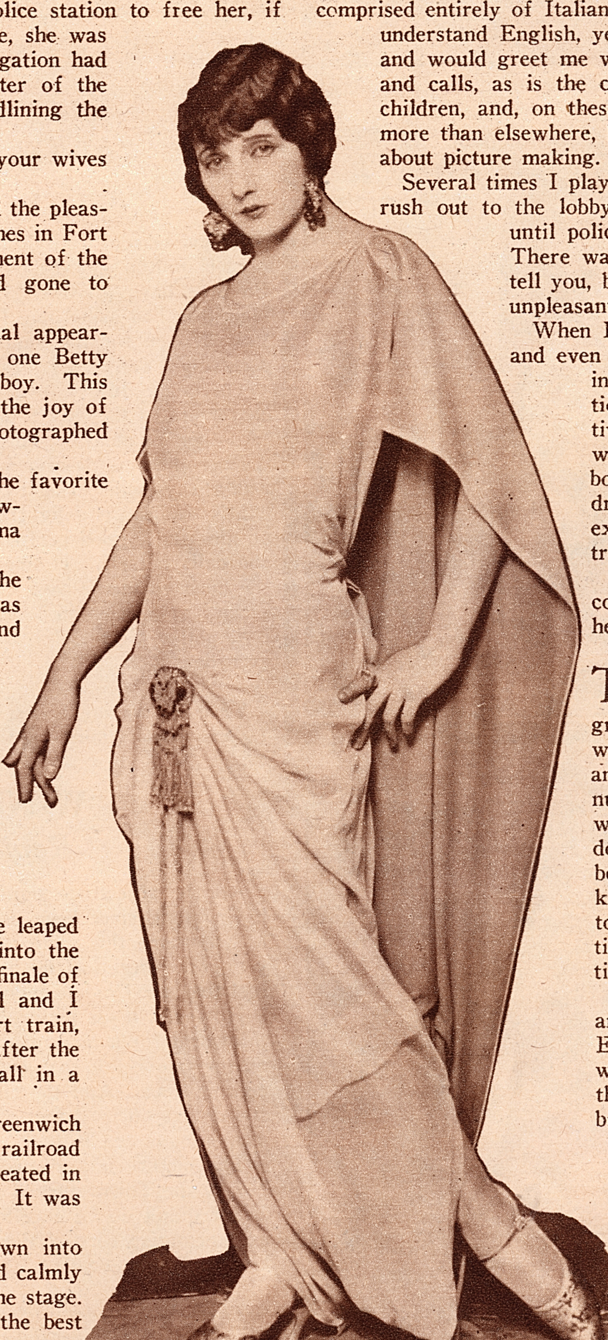
I had a very interesting experience playing the theatres in greater New York, inasmuch as I was requested to appear in all parts of the city and its suburbs. To cover them all, one evening at a time, would have taken me months, which time I could not afford to lose from my studio work. Therefore, it was arranged for me to appear in three houses per evening, leaving my house made up and dressed for the stage at 7:30.

If you don't think a movie actress works hard, you had better try a combination of making stage appearances and moving pictures at the same time.

Oftentimes if a traffic jam had detained us, we leaped out of the machine at the stage door, bounded into the theatre to find the actors taking their bows in the finale of the act preceding my appearance, and my maid and I would whisk off the veil, unfurl the long court train, powder the nose and I would step on the stage after the theatre manager had announced me, sometimes all in a flurry.

One evening at the Sheridan Theatre in Greenwich Village, New York, we had been detained at a railroad crossing so long that the program had to be repeated in order to hold the audience until I should arrive. It was announced, however, that I was on the way.

If I had let myself, I could have been thrown into nervous excitement and sung off key, but I looked calmly on, and retaining my self-control, stepped upon the stage. Oh, boy! how I worked to give that audience the best I had to offer after their patience and courtesy during the long wait for me!



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

During the same tour I covered some districts in which the audiences were comprised entirely of Italians and other foreigners, and many could scarcely understand English, yet all through my songs they were utterly silent and would greet me when finished with a storm of applause, whistles and calls, as is the custom in their own countries. They were children, and, on these occasions, I would always cut loose and sing more than elsewhere, because they could not understand my brief talk about picture making.

Several times I played to such an audience and *en masse* they would rush out to the lobby to greet me, and fairly storm the automobile until policemen were called to make way for me to pass. There was plenty of garlic around at such times, let me tell you, but their smiles made up for all that odoriferous unpleasantness.

When I left the theatre, they thrust bags of nuts, fruit and even carved bits of workmanship into my hands and into the car and, all in all, made quaint demonstrations of their feelings. Directly from that primitive environment I would often drive to theatres where the whole downstairs audience and the boxes were filled with people in dinner clothes and dressed in the height of fashion—going from the extreme of unconventionality to almost the extreme of culture and affluence.

One of my songs was a lullaby which always completed my act and in its simple appeal to the heart was understood by any class and any age.

THIS part of my life remains in my mind a galaxy of floral bouquets, sheaves of telegrams, thousands of new faces, outstretched hands welcoming me, being photographed with many fat and pompous mayors and other civic officials, numberless sumptuous banquets, crowds of "fans" waiting my entrances and exits from the stage door, lights and gaiety; sleep snatched at intervals between the tinkling of a telephone bell and the knocks on my drawing room door, of many visitors; and, in fact, all the flattering, yet sometimes overwhelming responsibilities of such activities.

A flattering conclusion to my personal appearance tour was an offer from the Keith Vaudeville Enterprises to headline on their circuit for forty weeks, but it would have necessitated a year from the screen and I am too much in love with that branch of the art to desert it before it deserts me.

Looking back seven (*Continued on page* 25)

When I was in *Berlin* to make *"Chu Chin Chow,"* I gave a twenty cent tip to the girl at the hotel desk who secured a box at the *Opera* for me on very short notice. And this tip proved to be so much in marks that she left her position and took a vacation for two weeks

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE ARAB"—95%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Arab" is not Rex Ingram's best picture, but it is, perhaps, his third best; and I am inclined to say that it is Ramon Novarro's best. Jamil, the Arab, is not such a showy role as some of the others which Novarro has done, but he gives a thoughtful and a human interpretation. In this case "The Arab" is no Sheik and he has none of the Sheik-like qualities which movie fans have learned to love. Jamil is a handsome, lazy, lying cut-throat and plunderer of the desert, but he is unctuous and diplomatic, with a sense of humor which makes it impossible for anyone to disapprove of him. I am sure you are all going to love this Arab, even if he isn't in the least like his predecessors. Alice Terry gives a nicely shaded performance as Mary, the missionary's daughter, and appears in her own auburn hair for the first time on the screen.

There are many excellent performances, though none of the others in the cast are known to me. Justa Iribe, who plays Myiza, the native girl, is a celebrated European actress. Not bad, is my verdict, but I should not have picked her out if I had not been prepared for her in advance. It is pictorially beautiful and the scenes of the desert are haunting and real as "The Arab" was screened in his own country.

The cast includes: Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, Justa Iribe and Alexandresco.

"ANOTHER SCANDAL"—90%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

A few seasons ago Cosmo Hamilton wrote a story called "Scandal." Now, Mr. Hamilton has followed this up with "Another Scandal," and Tilford Pictures have produced it with Lois Wilson in the leading role. If Mr. Hamilton had asked me, I should have said, "No," when he was considering Lois Wilson for the flapper part. Now that I have seen the picture, I say decidedly "Yes." Mr. Hamilton could not have made a better choice.

There are just a few hundred feet of film devoted to introducing the characters as they were in "Scandal," and then the author starts them off in "Another Scandal." This picture shows "married life the first year," for the heroine was described as having "an imp on her shoulder," and this imp was always whispering to her to do mad, mad things.

Miss Wilson is delightful as the wayward wife, and Flora La Breton gives an amazingly good performance as the baby vamp—"Your wee friend, Ella," she calls herself. Holmes E. Herbert is very attractive and convincing as the husband in the case. The story is a delightfuul chronicle of the idiosyncrasies of women in love.

"Another Scandal" is another "Marriage Circle." I can recommend it to everyone.

The cast includes: Lois Wilson, Holmes Herbert, Flora La Breton, Hedda Hopper and Allan Simpson.

"WINE OF YOUTH"—85%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

All the adjectives signifying "flaming," "passionate," "hectic," "reckless," having long since been used up on the box office, no other kind of youth is left to name this picture with but "Wine of Youth." It is, of course, the younger generation misbehaving again and deciding, as usual, in the last reel that good old-fashioned ways are the best after all. Selah!

However, it's a picture that will go big in the box office, the best place in the world for a picture *to* go big. It has all sorts of jazz parties, the theme of the tale being that each generation frowns upon the doings of the succeeding ones. And the climax is reached when the current group of youngsters start off . . . five of them . . . for a platonic camping trip, without a chaperon, to see if they wear well.

The picture is sure-fire stuff, an amusing play by Rachel Crothers called "Mary the Third" turned into a not-quite-so-amusing picture. Not that King Vidor didn't do an excellent job in directing it, but it just happens to be an argumentative sort of theme and is, as presented on the screen, in danger of being talked to death. It remains, nevertheless, an entertaining picture.

The cast includes: Eleanor Boardman, James Morrison, Johnnie Walker, ZaSu Pitts, Niles Welch, Creighton Hale, Ben Lyon, William Haines, William Collier, Jr., Pauline Garon, Robert Agnew, Gertrude Claire, Eulalia Jensen, E. J. Radcliffe and others.

EDITOR'S NOTE: ***From now on our reviews will be printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.***

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%.

"FOR SALE"—75%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"For Sale" is a picture that anyone might miss without losing any sleep over it. Somebody named Earl Hudson wrote the story, and one thing I can say for him—he certainly has kept his eyes open. For nothing is left out of "For Sale" that has been in any other "society drama" for the last decade. "All, all are there, the old familiar phases."

There is the father who fails and is about to blow his brains out when he is saved by the daughter who offers to give up the man she loves and marry the man she hates because he holds the mortgage on papa's house. There are the wicked jazz parties and the dinners with champagne, and night life in Paris and everything. Claire Windsor couldn't do anything with such a terrible role and she doesn't seem to try very hard. I don't blame her. Even Adolphe Menjou fails to interest one in the role of a movie villain and social climber. Robert Ellis is the poor but proud husband, and Mary Carr and Tully Marshall are the ruined parents who put their chee-ild up for sale.

George Archainbaud directed "For Sale." Go to see it by all means, if you want to, but remember, I do not advise it!

The time for hackneyed themes, unreal, so-called society people, and foolish situations, should have passed on the screen. But it hasn't.

The cast includes: Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Ellis, Mary Carr, Tully Marshall and John Patrick.

"THE SAWDUST TRAIL"—75%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

The first bright moment in "The Sawdust Trail" occurs when they take away Hoot Gibson's College Cut Clothes and tell him to be himself. Not that Hoot as himself would cause one's heart to flutter . . . though they do say he has quite a following . . . but at least, in his cowboy togs, he doesn't look like something from a mail-order house.

The story, as you may suspect from the title, concerns the circus. Hoot, just out of college, pretends semi-invalidism to avoid going to work in his father's factory. So papa gets him a job in a Wild West show for his health. There, to prove what a man he is, he sets about courting Calamity June, one of the riders, and a man-hater as hard-boiled as a deviled egg. He has odd methods of courting her, such as pulling her chair out from under her. In fact, he's just the cut-up kid of the troop and Calamity June is quite justified in pulling a gun on him whenever he comes near her.

Of course, though, he wins the girl in the end—the rough and ready circus lady is surprisingly welcomed into the bosom of the illustrious Eastern family and, presumably, they live happily ever after.

The cast includes: Hoot Gibson, supported by Josie Sedgwick, Harry Todd, David Torrence, W. T. McCulley, Charles French, Pat Harmon, G. Raymond Nye and Taylor Carroll. Directed by Edward Sedgwick from a story by William Dudley Pelley.

"BREAD"—90%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

"Bread" could not have been more tactfully presented on the screen than Victor Schertzinger has presented it. We say "tactfully," because, as a novel, it is one of those books which, when you have finished it—and not before, you want to chuck out the window, hitting, preferably, the author, And yet it's an excellent book!

The story, always absorbing, is the familiar one of careers for women versus marriage and proves, presumably, that no matter how unhappy the marriage, it's better than a career with no one to love but the cat. And, in the book, Charles Norris attempts to show that it's dangerous for a girl to have a career because then if she gets annoyed with her husband, she can leave him. He votes for the clinging vine who has no choice but to cling, even if her particular oak proves none too sturdy.

Mr. Schertzinger is therefore wise in not emphasizing this phase of Norris' argument; he merely tells the tale of a girl who is torn between business success, without love, and a wayward husband with whom life is a constant struggle for bread. When it comes to choosing between them, as the problem is put to the heroine, we'd pick jumping off Brooklyn Bridge, but perhaps we're unduly morbid.

The cast includes: Mae Busch, Wanda Hawley, Robert Frazer, Pat O'Malley, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman and Eugenie Besserer.

Photographs by Keystone View Company

The Hollywood Party

The motion picture colony in *Hollywood* is entirely dependent upon itself for interests and amusements. The theatres, opera and all the other things so much a part of the pattern in *New York* life are absent. So, of course, they are always grateful when a good play comes to *Los Angeles* . . . and when a new interesting personality joins their group if only for a week or two.

When *Ethel Barrymore* finished her *Los Angeles* theatrical engagement, *Conway Tearle*, front center, gave her, seated at his right, a farewell party at his *Hollywood* home. In this group are *Laurette Taylor, Bessie Love, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Leatrice Joy, Constance* and *Norma Talmadge, Theda Bara, Colleen Moore, Vivian Martin, Donald Brian, George Fitzmaurice, Rosemary Theby, John McCormick, Gaston Glass, Percy Marmont, Ernest Torrence, Owen Moore*, and others.

On the SET and OFF

Irene Rich, who has recently been making pictures in Europe, had one adventure when on her trip which she had not anticipated. While abroad she met a suave and interesting gentleman who was introduced to her as the Emir of Kurdistan—a foreign nobleman of uncertain kingdom. The Emir showed distinct admiration for the famous star's feminine charm—but the acquaintance ceased abruptly when Miss Rich discovered that the Emir was merely the former Jay Bonsou of Chicago, a pants-presser and world-famous imposter. Bonsou was publicly exposed and his "titles" abruptly removed.

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D. W. Griffith is to direct pictures for Famous Players, it has just been announced. The noted director has been sought by the company—the largest in the film field—for many months, and has at last signed his contract. He will start work under the Paramount name early next fall.

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Charles Brabin, who was originally employed to direct the super-production of "Ben Hur" in Rome and was later deposed, has brought suit against Metro-Goldwyn for breach of contract. He claims that illness prevented his complete devotion of attention to his work, and that for this cause he was expelled from his position.

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It is reliably rumored that production work on Barbara La Marr's next picture, "Sandra," may be indefinitely postponed. The theory prevalent is that the theme of the film too closely parallels the domestic life of the much-married star for it to be wise to release it at this time. It is also rumored that the frequent repetition of Miss La Marr's name in the public print in connection with various irregular charges of bigamy, incomplete divorce, etc., have antagonized her producers somewhat. They are said to feel that the association of ideas is apt to have an unfortunate effect upon the star's popularity.

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Mabel Normand's contract with Mack Sennett has expired and will not be renewed. It is generally rumored in film circles in Hollywood that the producer of comedies was unwilling to continue his business association with Miss Normand since her implication in the recent Dines shooting and other affairs which resulted in public notoriety of a character which Sennett did not deem as commercially valuable. It is not known what the star plans to do.

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It is certain now that Betty Compson and Jimmie Cruze will marry. It will take place next September, or early in October. She will be wed in the very house in which she was born, in the now deserted town of Frisco, Utah.

That is the place where Betty's mother met and fell in love with her father, too. And they are going to spend their honeymoon on a Utah ranch, owned by a friend of Cruze's.

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"Have you had any stage experience?" an interviewer asked Margaret Livingston, new Regal Pictures star.

"Oh, yes," answered that red-headed luminary as she smiled reminiscently. So the interviewer settled herself to listen to the recital of stage triumphs.

"It was while we still lived in Salt Lake City. There was a medicine show in town. I went with my sister Ivy and my mother came a little later. Ivy and I sat away down front. Mother was further back. After we had been there a short while, the man on the stage announuced a pie-eating contest, and asked all who wished to participate to come up to the stage. I was the first one there. I heard my mother call me, but she never knew that I heard. Well, I ate the most pie and won the prize. And the next day I didn't go to school. That is the extent of my (*Continued on page 29*)

We are especially fond of this picture of *Marie Prevost.* She looks so "regular" in it, probably because she is without any stellar trappings—unless her two noble dogs come under that heading. *Marie* has finished her role in *"Being Respectable."*

And here are *May McAvoy, Monte Blue* and *Ernst Lubitsch* enjoying each other's company between the scenes of their various productions. *Lubitsch* is an interesting man and the stars enjoy listening to him talk because of his *European* viewpoint.

Presenting *Mildred Gloria* and her mother and father . . . known as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Gloria* (they call her that so later on the women of the *Lloyd* household will know who is meant when *Harold* calls) is soon to have her first journey. For the *Lloyds* are coming to *New York* for a few weeks' vacation, *Harold* having completed *"Hubby."*

The Deciding Pictures Which Gave "Ben Hur" to Ramon Novarro

When there is a particularly important role to be filled, the first thing they do is take pictures of whatever star they have in mind in the character of that role. These are the pictures taken of *Ramon Novarro* in the *Hollywood* studios when he was being considered for the role of *Ben Hur*.

We don't wonder they caused an immediate decision in his favor.

There is a far hail between the dreamy *Latin* with the poetic face and romantic manner — the *Novarro* we have known in the past — and this dashing young god of ancient days.

Nothing we have ever seen or heard of the young *Novarro* has done more to convince us of his unusual acting ability than these pictures.

Good luck to you, *Ramon*. Give us an immortal *Ben Hur* which will raise your name to an even higher place . . . and take its part in the making of screen history.

Of course there must be someone somewhere who knows just what happened to the first company that sailed for *Rome* to make *"Ben Hur."* They have all been recalled, including *George Walsh*, who was to play the role on which *Ramon* is now engaged. Scenes were already "shot." Hundreds of thousands of dollars were already spent. Then, presto . . . Someone changed their mind. Something happened. And everything that was, was no more.

However, all of this excitement makes us more interested than ever in seeing the *"Ben Hur"* that *Fred Niblo* will make . . . with *Ramon Novarro* as the valiant hero.

What Our READERS Think Of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

You have invited suggestions relative to your magazine and I am heeding the invitation.

To adequately describe Movie Weekly would necessitate the use of superlatives—and superlatives are poor taste—so I shall content myself with saying that Movie Weekly is "Simply great." . . . The expression is trite, but is meant to be taken literally, for Movie Weekly is great (as a publication) in a simple way. It does not aim for big effects. Rather it puts over its stuff in the most unassuming way, just as though it were not (as it is), the most informative motion picture publication now being printed.

It is hard to suggest any improvements except to ask for more interviews with the stars in their homes, rather than at the studio or a hotel. Perhaps you are handicapped by the lack of an interviewer on your Western staff, in which case the situation can very easily be remedied. (I know, for I just got back from California about a month ago).

Your interviews are usually very good—with an occasional exception.

I think there is a danger in having too many "lady" interviewers—they do not stand up the way the men do and their stuff soon gets stale. (Regina Cannon is an exception).

The idea of having a star edit an occasional issue is good—if not done too often . . . The silhouette contest is great stuff except that Class C should cover five subscriptions instead of two. Make 'em work for their money!

May I suggest a few articles? Then here goes:

"The Men Who Photograph the Stars"—(Edwin Bower Hesser, Russell Ball, Richee, Nickolas Muray, etc.).

"Contest Winners Who Have Stuck"—(Corinne Griffith, Lois Wilson, Gertrude Olmsted).

"From Commercial Modeling to Movie Acting"—(Helene Chadwick, Allan Simpson, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce).

"Quaker Maids Who Turned Movie Stars"—(Mildred Davis, Hope Hampton and Estelle Taylor—all Philadelphia girls).

"Mothers of the Movies"—(Mary Carr, Mary Alden, Lillie Langdon, Vera Gordon and Helene Dunbar).

"Stars and Their Mothers"—(Talmadge, O'Brien, Harris, Frederick, Coogan and Lloyd).

"Childhood Pictures of the Stars"—(Try and get 'em).

"A Lovable Villain"—(Lowell Sherman—he's going to make a big hit in "Monsieur Beaucaire").

"Penrod at *Seventeen*"—(Wesley Barry).

"Gone But Not Forgotten"—(Clarine Seymour, Wallace Reid, Olive Thomas, Harold Lockwood, Florence LaBadie and Bobby Harron).

Last, but not least, a full-page photograph of Barrymore's famous profile.

Harry Northam Blair.

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Who Is Your Choice for Peter Pan?

We doubt if there is any actress in the studios from Nita Naldi to Baby Peggy who is not anxious for the role of Peter Pan. Scores of stars have gone abroad simply to persuade the author to select them for this role . . . for Barrie is to have a final voice in the selection.

Who do you think is best able to give a shadow life to the little boy who never grew up?

We want to hear what you think about this . . . and about all the other things you think, too.

In a few weeks this page will be turned over entirely to the praise and comment and criticism we receive regarding every phase of motion pictures. This will be the reader's open forum . . . the public platform. We believe that this department will prove popular, for everyone enjoys expressing his or her opinion, and we plan to pay a dollar for every letter printed and also to publish the writer's photograph.

Let the Editor's mail bag overflow.

However, we shall continue to be interested in letters telling What Our Readers Think of Us but, instead of publishing these letters, we will publish simply a list of the prize winners.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

The most appealing feature of your weekly paper is the price for which it may be had. I say that in all gratitude; for I am an English teacher in public schools, and I have learned that no matter what children may be told to read, they will read a "movie" magazine in preference, if there is one around, and there usually is. All of these motion picture papers contain practically the same kinds of material; the same information about the same people; children would rather pay the ten cents at a time for this information, four times a month, than thirty cents at a given time each month. Therein lies my gratitude. The price of your paper leaves a few pennies to pay for what I ask my students to read.

Do you know that more than half of the number of school children in any small town eagerly snatch up every copy of your paper? It is my business to teach children to read the best in literature, and although I would not place motion picture papers in the list, since my students read your paper devouringly, I have given it thoughtful consideration.

The only lamentable part of your paper is the fiction which you print. Cheap, tawdry fiction wholly unworthy of any magazine. I wish you would substitute an article of worth-while interest, something about technicalities, perhaps.

The part of the paper devoted to current films is admirably handled, it seems to me. That is your praiseworthy feature, a feature rare in most magazines of this kind. The criticisms are aptly made and the paragraphs are well-written.

Your article in the June 21st issue is a wise one, the article concerning screen mothers. Most people, too many of them, believe that there is nothing good in the lives of film players.

On the whole, I consider your paper a good one. I implore you, however, for the sake of the people in my profession, to discontinue your fiction articles, until you can secure better ones.

I wish you all possible success with your paper and I sincerely hope that it will become the wholesome magazine which would seem to be its destiny.

E. R. M.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

A Movie Weekly fan for almost three years, it has never occurred to me just why certain stories and articles appeal to me more than others. I instinctively turned to them, but until now never paused to analyze the reason for the preference.

Without exception, articles written by the stars always satisfy. They have a touch of personality that establishes a mutual understanding between the writer and reader. A shining example is Mr. Valentino's story of his European trip.

The interviews come next in order, but with a slight criticism. Occasionally they contain a trifle too much descriptive material and the object of the interview becomes secondary, sometimes occupying but a paragraph space, while the interviewer's impression of the star's appearance takes up the entire front page.

"Whispers From the Film Flapper"—fine little pieces of gossip—incite your curiosity and make you wish for more. The reviews of current photoplays are an excellent method of advising your readers why they should or should not see certain pictures. I find they are frank in their criticism and are dependable. "On the Set and Off," "The Reel Dope" and other articles of this nature are always read with interest. They contain choice bits of information that satisfy one's curiosity, and bring one into closer contact with the stars. Yes, and there's the Colonel's letter-box! Many a time have I laughed at his saucy remarks.

But your serial stories fail to register. Labeled as they are, "True Confessions," they merely conflict with your other loyal efforts at showing the public that the stars are men and women like the rest of us.

Above all, however, I admire the principles of the magazine—its sincerity, loyalty and efficiency—and wish to take this opportunity to thank you and the staff for the many pleasant hours enjoyed in the reading of Movie Weekly, the meritorious magazine of the screen. *Henriette D. Sigmund.*

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Honorable Mention

What a wonderful department "Across the Screen" is! The frankness and justness which is published on these pages are well (*Continued on page 30*)

The Confessions of a Cameraman

BY FRANK PERUGINI

"HUMOR," some famous "gent" who was smartened up on everything once remarked, "is just one jump ahead of tragedy." That "gent" is right, and I'll prove it to you.

Did you ever happen to see someone accidentally step on an untenanted outer casing of that delectable and luscious fruit, the scarcity of which every-one is now bemoaning in song and story, do a neat slide and nose-dive into a nice "gooy" puddle of mud, thereby ruining a spiffy new suit for which he still owes his tailor?

To my knowledge, an incident of that sort has never failed to get a loud and appreciative guffaw from all who may have witnessed it . . . That's humor.

Portray the same situation in a so-called "comedy" picture, and nine out of every ten of an audience who will see it won't even smile . . . That's tragedy . . . for the fellow who made the picture.

The hardest and most thankless job in picture making is producing comedies.

There is more work, more thought, more time spent in working up a comedy situation, or working up a "gag" with the hopes that it will get one little laugh out of an audience, than there is in the making of the average five reel "sob" picture, and that is because everyone's sense of humor isn't the same. What may strike one person as something very funny is a sad affair to the one sitting next to him.

It's a comparatively easy matter to make an audience, no matter how "hard boiled," cry, and get real team work in the crying, that is, get them all sniffling and blowing their noses at the same time. Any director with experience and who knows his business will tell you just how many "sniffles" and how many "boo-hoo's" there are in a "sob" picture, but I haven't met the comedy director yet who can tell how many laughs there are in a "funny" picture.

"But how are you going to make a pig lie down and die?" I asked him. "We haven't got all year to make the picture!"

Invariably, in a comedy picture, where the director and the actors have worked hard for a "laugh," and where they think it should be a "wow," an audience will either snicker a bit or not even smile, and a situation where no one figured even as much as a little smile, will go over with a "bang"

A scenario writer has all his "sure-fire sob-stuff" right at his finger tips all the time, any situation with a little crippled child coming home at night to a director's idea of a squalid and poverty-stricken home, carrying the few pennies she has earned by selling papers on the street corner, which few pennies are being saved for the inevitable operation which will straighten her limbs and enable her "to play like the other little girls," will immediately start to unlimber the 'kerchiefs in the audience.

Then, when they get a "shot" of the child in a tattered night gown, kneeling before her miserable pallet, with a "spot-light" effect turning her curly blonde wig into gold, saying her prayers, with the title flashed on the screen which reads, "And please God make me walk like the other little boys and girls," the "sniff, sniff" starts.

And when, after she has "laid me down," the one lung organ wheezing out shaky music, in comes the cruel, drunken step-father, cruelly shakes her awake and makes her give up her meagre hoard of small coins to go out and buy more "booze," everybody settles down in their seats for a nice comfortable cry right up to the very end of the picture, when she, grown up, and fully recovered from her deformity, is seen in the final close-up "clinch," in the arms of her stalwart lover, and a good time enjoyed by all those present.

Or take that other old "stand by," of the sweet-faced, blonde-haired, innocent little country "gal," whose boy friend, finding "the old home town" no place for him to reach "fame and fortune," leaves the little town in Kansas, climbs aboard the train which has "Central Railroad of New Jersey" written all over it, and goes to the big city, promising to write her every day, and to think of her every moment.

Here he falls in with the "fast city crowd" and meets the "vamp," who leads him "down and down, into the dregs," as the title writers say, while our blonde friend just mopes around the farm and spends hours standing under the old apple tree, with lots of back-lighted, soft focus close-ups to show the agony she is going through.

And finally her boy friend "finds himself," sells the book he has written while he wasn't lounge lizarding, or the invention he doped out, for $7,500,340.47 to the "big interests," and rushes back to his country sweetheart, to find her waiting for him under the same old apple tree where she has been for the last three years, waiting for him, knowing he would come back to her, and the audience, sniffling all the way through the story.

And if you ever start "mother" in a grey wig, and a ragged shawl over her shoulders, carrying all her worldly possessions in a bundle, over a lot of hills toward a group of low red buldings labeled "Poor House," you are sure to get a great big "Blah!" from the audience, and everybody leaves the theatre, wiping their eyes and saying, "It's a great picture!" Give them what they want, I say.

But try and get them to laugh that way. The average comedy is about as funny, to most people, as the "crutch," of ancient proverb.

Reaching people's sense of humor in making pictures is the same as when you hear a story which you thought was about the funniest thing you ever heard and you wait until you can get a crowd to "spring" it on, thinking it's too good to tell it to just one or two, and when the moment arrives, you work the story up to its punch, and one person laughs right out loud, another smiles, and the other six walk out on you.

I don't want you to get the impression that I am trying to say that all comedies are bad, but I will say this, that outside of a few established comedians, who are universally known, and who are making their pictures in "feature" length, the other so-called "short" length comedies, those of one or two reels, are either lessons in anatomy, and "perfect form" (female) or where they try to tell a story, as do the so-called "situation" comedies, are very un-comic. And that isn't because the people that make them don't try hard enough, but because it just simply can't be done.

Some years ago I was connected with a comedy company and during the length of my engagement I photographed forty-seven one reel comedies

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The picture-men who work that others may play—who produce the films for our amusement, have busy lives . . . but there's always time for laughter. Read in this delightful story by a real cameraman of some of the amusing and hilarious incidents which occurred in the actual making of recent films. Share that laughter and adventure with them.

featuring a well-known stage and picture comedian. Out of that entire bunch of pictures about a dozen were good, another dozen fair, and the rest terrible, as far as laughs were concerned.

And that wasn't because of poor judgment in choosing stories, or that we didn't work hard enough to "put them over," because, as a general rule, we found out that the stories that read "funny" made the worst pictures, and when you can't tell by the story the result you are going to get on the screen, you're just naturally "sunk."

I REMEMBER a funny incident which happened while we were making one of those comedies, and I assure you that at the time of its happening it wasn't at all funny, and had the production staff of the company "sore" at each other for a long time.

The "yarn" we were making into a "funny picture" was about the usual "newlywed" who is talked into buying a house in the suburbs, as it would be a great thing for the "kids," and if he didn't buy the house we naturally couldn't make a picture about it.

This house, of course, was the usual "stone's throw away from the station" in the titles, because we had to have an excuse to use another title later on which read, "I'd like to see the fellow who threw that stone," and that, you will agree with me, is both funny and original . . . in China.

However, the first morning he starts for the office in the city, he kisses his wife, the kids, the dog and the "Teddy bear," and after being called back and warned not to forget the marketing or there would be no dinner that night, he starts for the station, and arrives there just in time to see the last morning train disappearing around the bend. Another thing which is very natural or there would be no picture.

Such a thing as staying away from the office for one day is out of the question, naturally, so he starts walking down the tracks to the distant city and his job . . . Slow fade-out on him walking away from the camera, as the scenario writer would say.

Finally he arrives, hot, tired, and out of breath, at the "joint where he slaves for his daily wage," only to discover that it's Saturday and said "joint" closed up at noon, and he sees by glancing at his watch that it is considerably past time.

There is nothing left for him to do, but do his marketing and start for "home sweet home," but the fellow who wrote the story had meaner and other plans in mind for this poor "mug."

When he arrives at the station to catch his train for "Hokum, on the Sound," the station man informs him that the next train stopping at that place does not leave until six that evening, and rather than wait five hours at the station, he wearily starts to "lift them up and lay them down" along the tracks again.

But this time the kind fates and our "property man" are kind to him, for he hasn't proceeded long on his way before he runs across a hand car on the tracks, and without losing any time, he deposits his bundles thereon, jumps aboard and starts to merrily pump his way toward his country manse.

Our scenario writer, either in a moment of aberration, or possibly thinking he was original or funny, wrote a sequence of scenes in the hand car episode, which, as near as I can remember, read like this:

Scene . . . Long Shot, Railroad, Follow.—Jim on hand car, working the handles furiously, occasionally looking over his back to see if he is being pursued.

Scene . . . Long Shot, Pig Pen.—Just a flash of pigs in pen, doing whatever pigs do in their leisure moments.

Scene . . . Long Shot, Railroad, Follow, as before.—Jim working handles on car, car going very fast, slow camera, sharp curve in track seen ahead. Give the effect of hand car approaching this curve at very fast speed.

Scene . . . Closer Shot, Railroad, Follow.—Car strikes curve, give effect here of Jim being almost thrown off the car. Cut to.

Scene . . . Close-up, Floor of Hand Car.—Bundles, as they fall off hand car by the shock on taking curve. Cut to.

Scene . . . Medium Shot, Pig Pen.—Bundles fall in pen, pigs rush to bundles and start to eat. Cut to.

Scene . . . Long Shot, Railroad. From ground.—Jim disappearing down track on car, does not know he has lost his bundles. Cut to.

Scene . . . Medium Shot, Pig Pen.—Pigs eating from bundles, as before. One large pig approaches a bundle which contains a large ham. Cut to.

Scene . . . Close Shot, Pig Pen.—Closer view of large pig smelling ham. Cut to.

Title . . . (Spoken).—"My God, my son!"

Back to Scene . . . Pig lays down and dies.

It was the assistant director who first called my attention to that pig sequence. He came out to me on the stage and said:

"Frank, how do you make a pig lay down and die?"

I looked at him for a moment to see if I could get the catch in what he was asking me, and said:

"Well, as good a way as I know is shoot it . . . Why?"

"Here, read these scenes!" and he gave me the scenario, opened to the pig sequence.

I read those scenes through, had a good laugh, and turning to him said:

"What is this, a kid?"

"I don't know, I asked the scenario hound about it, and he said he wrote it on the level. Haven't seen the boss yet," meaning the director.

"Well," I said, "I'll bet any amount you want, right now, that we don't get those scenes."

And I was right. But before we declared them as a total loss, we sure had to go through one tough time.

That same afternoon, the director, the assistant director and myself were discussing the script as we always did before starting a picture and when we came to the pig sequence I asked the director if he was going to "keep them in," in other words, if he was going to try and do them, to which he said, "Sure!"

"But how are you going to make a pig lie down and die?" I asked him. "You know we haven't a trained pig, besides we haven't got all year to make the picture."

"Don't worry about that," he replied. "We can trip it up with piano wire!"

AT that remark of his, both the assistant and I laughed right out loud, and he got pretty mad. He wanted to know what we were lauguhing at, and why couldn't a pig be trip up by piano wire. If you could do it with a horse, why not with a pig, and we were a lot of damphools and didn't know anything anyway, so why pay any attention to us, etc.

We saw there was no use arguing with him, so we let it go at that, figuring that he would soon see the folly of his statement, and eventually those scenes would be "blue pencilled."

We started the picture, and for a while forgot all about those pigs, but not he. He had a property man scouting the country (*Continued on page 27*)

"White man, what you' all aimin' to do wif dat wire?" The director looked up at her in surprise.

"I am never going to let you go back," he whispered with a smile.

By
Charles
Warnerby

A Woman who SINNED

In previous instalments it has been toid how Mrs. Hillburn, young and beautiful, wife of the clergyman of a tiny parish, consented, in her innocence, to dine with the handsome tranger, Ransdell, on board his private yacht when it moored outside her seacoast home. It has been recounted how Ransdell stole her away in his yacht and took her love . . . The night passed . . . Go on from here.

The thrilling story of a woman who fell . . . but triumphantly rose again

DAWN had seemed to stretch out a ghostlly hand to Mrs. Hillburn as she came upon deck, following the storm that had driven the yacht before a forty-mile gale. Her hair was dishevelled and her eyes wore a burning, hunted look that seemed ceaselessly trying for escape but found none.

A step back of her made her start nervously, and the next instant the soft cough of Ransdell sounded in her ear.

"Enjoying the sunrise?" he inquired pleasantly.

Mrs. Hillburn sighed wearily, livening her eyes toward the distant horizon. Then her lips moved vaguely with a question.

"When shall we return to Dunkirk?"

Again Ransdell laughed and taking her by the arm he drew her through the cabin door and swept her into an embrace.

"I am never going to let you go back," he whispered with a smile.

Mrs. Hillburn struggled vainly to free herself.

"Please, oh, please!" she pleaded, distaste for the man and misery at her predicament stamped upon every feature of her face.

Ransdell laughed shortly again and released her.

"In less than an hour," he amended seriously. "We're on our way back now. You'll see the shore line of your home town again before you know it. Will you be glad—or sorry?"

For answer Mrs. Hillburn passed slowly out through the door again and on down the deck of the yacht to one of the stanchions where she stood and leaned for support. Ransdell watched her go with eyes of amused malevolence.

"The little fool!" he murmured to himself.

Mrs. Hillburn continued to lean faintly against her support, searching with dim, anguished eyes for the shore line in the distance to appear as Ransdell had prophesied. The world seemed very unsubstantial about her. She was only conscious of a great sense of grief that left her groping dumbly for thoughts to express. She wished only to reach Dunkirk again.

The storm of the night before had carried the little vessel far out of her course, but with each turn of the propeller blades now, the boat bearing Mrs. Hillburn was returning swiftly over the miles so recently traversed. Dawn had brought a renewal of the rain which had swept downward in a deluge; but oblivious of this, Mrs. Hillburn continued to stand out on the deck, her head bared to the raindrops that beat upon it.

Presently, in the minutes that followed. the distant prospect of land appeared and Mrs. Hillburn could vaguely distinguish the outline of the harbor with the village of Dunkirk beyond. As the minutes passed and the distant shore line grew nearer, Mrs. Hillburn prepared herself for the return to the village that was her home. She was still unable to formulate the thoughts that pulsed through her brain, driven by her emotions. All was still a nightmare about her, out of which she hoped, presently, upon her return to the village she had left the night before, to bring some sort of clear, reasonable order.

The mouth of the harbor yawned before her and she waited with beating heart for the yacht to slip between its promontories and come to anchor in the still waters beyond. She waited, however, in vain, for, as the harbor opened directly before them, the yacht turned slightly and continued swiftly on its way, following the coast line south. The realization that the boat was not going to enter the harbor dawned upon the young woman only after a stunned moment of doubt and perplexity. Then she screamed hoarsely.

"Mr. Ransdell!"

A low laugh back of her apprised her that the author of misfortune was close at hand.

"How can I serve you?" he asked with mocking politeness.

Mrs. Hillburn's voice rose hysterically. "I want to be put ashore!" she cried angrily. "I want to be put ashore!"

Ransdell's only immediate reply was to laugh again. She watched him wildly for a moment awaiting his answer. Then he smiled.

"I've decided," he returned at length, "not to let you go ashore. The yacht's on her way now to New York. We shall be there in two day's time. Meanwhile, make yourself comfortable, please."

For a full minute Mrs. Hillburn stood staring at him, receiving his answer to her question like a blow in the face. Then, at last convinced of his purpose, she measured the distance between the yacht and the rocky shore that passed a quarter of a mile astern. And then, as Ransdell continued to smile upon her, she turned and walked swiftly to the aft deck. Ransdell did not even deign to follow. Nonchalantly he turned and entered the cabin where he stood a moment regarding himself in a mirror.

Outside on the aft deck the figure of a woman stood for a brief space scanning the rocky coast a few hundred yards away. And then in the gray dawn that encompassed the yacht and the dark waste of waters, her body remained poised on the yacht's railing for an instant before it hurled downward into the dark water beneath.

In leaping into the ocean from the deck of the yacht, Mrs. Hillburn took care to jump away from the white wake of water that was churned into foam by the propeller. Instead she struck the calm water alongside, and then went down into suffocating darkness with her ears filled with a loud roaring sound.

(Continued on page 26)

The Star Contest

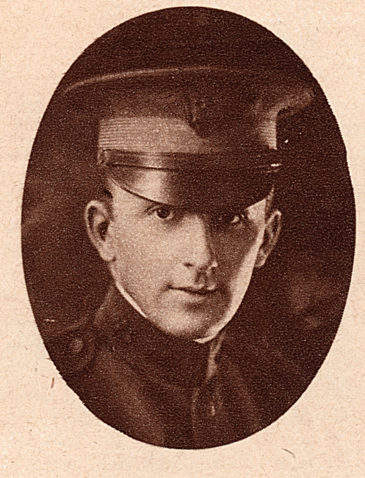
Miss Mabel Millspaugh

Among the fair contestants who have graduated into higher prize classes is Miss Mabel Millspaugh, of 120 West Fourth Street, Anderson, Indiana. She is a Class B contestant.

Fig 45

Fig 46

Captain H. Turner Lewis, a United States army officer in the world war and who came out of the great conflict with permanent physical disability, finds much pleasure and recreation in the mental battle for supremacy in Movie Weekly's Silhouette Contest. Captain Lewis has qualified his entry in Class B.



Captain H. Turner Lewis

Fig 47

Fig 48

Contest Ends Next Week

Here's hoping you are all ready to carry off one of the big prizes, for next week's set, August 16th, will be the last of the contest. All of you who have entered the Silhouette Contest have been so enthusiastic and so interested, and we have received so many nice friendly letters that we only wish that we could give a prize to everyone who has entered.

However, $5,300.00 is quite a sum of money, and the first capital prize of $2,500.00 will certainly come in handy for some person. That is, you will get a first prize of $2,500.00 if you win the contest and are in Class C. If you are still in Class A, the prize will bring you $1,000.00 less, or $1,500.00 to be exact—so it behooves you to get busy and get in one of the higher classes if you have not already done so. All the class rules are fully explained in the next column.

The silhouettes shown above comprise the 12th set of the contest. Each one is worth 11 points and they give you an opportunity to fatten your score by an additional 44 points if you get them all right. The four silhouettes which will appear next week will be the last of the contest.

We want you "Fans" to write in and tell us exactly what you think of the contest. Do you want another one? If so—along what lines? And how do you think our present contest could have been improved upon. We are anxious to please our readers so please do not hesitate to write us exactly what you think. Address letters to CONTEST QUERY EDITOR, Movie Weekly. Letters must be mailed in no later than August 20th.

CLIP HERE AND MAIL

IDENTIFICATION BLANK

(Read All Contest Rules)

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

SET NO. 12—Eleven points will be allowed for each correct answer in this set.

Figure No. 45 is..

Figure No. 46 is..

Figure No. 47 is..

Figure No. 48 is..

My name is..

Address ....

City.............................. State..................

(Write plainly)

LIST OF PRIZES

	CLASS A (For those who send in no subscriptions)	CLASS B (For those who send in 1 subscription)	CLASS C (For those who send in 2 subscriptions)
First Prize	$1,500	$2,000	$2,500
Second Prize	500	750	1,000
Third Prize	200	350	500
Fourth Prize	150	225	300
Fifth Prize	100	150	200
10 Prizes of	20	30	40
20 Prizes of	10	10	10
40 Prizes of	5	5	5

Eleven points will be allowed for each correct identification of this week's silhouettes. It costs nothing to compete. Any person, except those specfiied in Rule 1 of the Contest Rules, can compete for Class A prizes. Anyone who sends in one yearly subscription for MOVIE WEEKLY can compete for Class B prizes. Anyone who sends in two yearly subscriptions can compete for Class C prizes. For instance, if the person who wins first prize has turned in no subscriptions at all, he will be paid $1,500.00; if he has turned in one yearly subscription to MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,000.00; if he has turned in two yearly subscriptions for MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,500.00, etc. Subscriptions may be turned in at any time during the contest and may be new or renewal subscriptions. Subscriptions may be for yourself or friends. Two six months' subscriptions at $2.00 each, or four three months' subscriptions at $1.00 each, count the equivalent of one yearly subscription. One two years' subscription at $8.00 is equivalent to two individual yearly subscriptions.

CONTEST RULES

1. Any person may enter the contest except employees and immediate relatives of employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc.
2. In case of a tie, each contestant will be paid the amount of the prize tied for.
3. Each entry will be considered solely on its merits. Whether you have or have not sent in subscriptions will have no bearing on your chances of winning.
4. The Judges are three famous movie stars, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino and Richard Barthelmess.
5. All contestants agree to abide by the Judges' decisions.
6. No contestant is eligible to win more than one prize. There will be paid only one first prize, one second prize, etc., except in case of a tie, the amount paid depending on which class the winner is in.
7. No scores will be given out during the contest.
8. Each silhouette set solution must be mailed within 20 days of the date of issue of the magazine in which it appears.
9. During the first six weeks of the contest, special entry privilege was allowed to late comers who failed to enter on time with the first sets.
10. Contest started with the issue of May 24th and ends with the issue of August 16th. All answers must be mailed before midnight, September 5th

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

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New Subscription ☐
Renewal ☐

Dear Sir:—Please send MOVIE WEEKLY for one year to the address listed below, for which I enclose $4.00. Kindly credit subscription to me in MOVIE WEEKLY Contest.

Subscriber's name ....

Subscriber's address ....

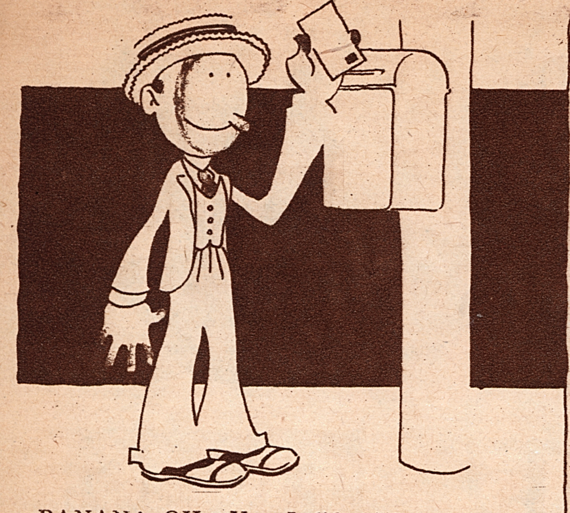
City..............................State..................

My name is..

My address is..

City..............................State..................

(Subscriptions may be sent in any time during contest.)



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

BANANA OIL—Yes, I did think some of having a nervous breakdown because I hadn't heard from you for so long, but decided against it because if I broke down no one would pick me up. I didn't know Ruby Huskey won the St. Louis *Star's* contest for new faces. She'd cut quite a figure anywhere with a name like that. So far she has failed to tell me that she was on the map.

JUANITA—Yes, I can find space an inch wide for your answers; I hope, though, that if I give you an inch you won't take a mile. Tom Mix is American. His wife's name is Victoria Forde and their daughter is Thomasina. Tom also has an almost-grown daughter named Ruth who plays, I believe, in vaudeville. I don't know of any Greek actresses; George Rigas is Greek and Lou Tellegen is part Greek.

MAY E.—And then again, maybe not. It is not customary to answer questions about the screen stars' religious beliefs.

ARDENT BARTHELMESS FAN—I'm glad you picked up courage to write me. Where did you pick it up? I was looking for some on Broadway the other night, but couldn't find any. I suppose Richard Barthelmess will eventually do "Romeo and Juliet," though there seems to be no immediate plans for it. Yes, Barthelmess is his real name.

JUST DOT—I'd rather be just Dot than just dotty. Shirley Mason is twenty-three. Her address is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. I think she might send you her photograph.

SHEBA—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 9, 1900, as Kathleen Morrison. She is now living at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles.

I LOVE SHIRLEY—Of course I'm nice enough to answer your questions. On the whole, I'm really quite nice, my mother says, except when it rains on my new straw hat or I fall down the cellar steps. Shirley Mason's husband, Bernard Durning, died about six months ago. She is the youngest of three sisters, the others being Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath. Richard Talmadge is in his twenties; write him at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

BLUE EYES—Aren't you glad you have blue eyes rather than black and blue? Gloria never gives out her home address. She is working at present at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Harold Lloyd lives at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles. Pola Negri can be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood. Write Jobyna Ralston at the Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

MISS HARRIETTE—I believe Gloria's real name is Burns. She is in her late twenties. She was once married to Wallace Beery and then to Herbert Somborn.

SWEET BABY—Has someone been feeding you sugar, that you should be so sweet? Aileen Pringle is married to a man named Pringle. I don't know the name of Lewis Stone's wife or of Huntley Gordon's (if he has one). Eileen Percy's newest picture is "Missing Daughters."

X. Y. Z.—So you haven't heard from me for an age? Which age was it, the stone age, a coon's age, or how old is Ann? Carmel Myers is Jewish, born in San Francisco. No, Lloyd Hughes' wife did not die; perhaps you have Lloyd confused with Ralph Graves. Norman Kerry lives at 1745 McCadden Place, Los Angeles, and Pauline Starke at 410 N. Normandie Place, Los Angeles. Forrest Stanley, Los Angeles Athletic Club. Write John Barrymore, c-o Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York.

LITTLE SUNBEAM—Any little sunbeam is always welcome around this office, especially to the office boy when he has a mirror handy. Genevieve Tobin is about eighteen and is not married. Neither is Rod La Rocque, who is in his early thirties. He was born in Chicago. Yes, Sigrid Holmquist played in "The Light That Failed." Rudolph Valentino had the use of a Voisin car which the Voisin people were kind enough to lend him while his own was being made by them. Lucky stars! And we can't even ride in taxis.

A. ALBERT—Richard Dix's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Marian Nixon lives at 4145½ Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

FIRE CRACKER—Do you want to cause any explosions around here by having me reveal the ages of some of the old-time favorites? Mary Pickford is thirty-one and Mabel Normand about the same. As for Olga Petrova, your guess is as good as mine. Florence Lawrence has not been in movies for years.

SHRIMP—Just in time. Today is Friday. Viola Dana's husband, John Collins, died in the flu epidemic of 1918. Viola has brown hair and green eyes; she is working at present at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

SCOTTY—I see you have a taste for brunettes. Patsy Ruth Miller is about nineteen; she has brown hair and eyes and is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. She lives at 1822 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood. Alice Calhoun has the same coloring; she doesn't give her age. Alice lives at 1551 Edgemont St., Hollywood.

VIOLETTE S.—No, indeed, Tom Mix isn't dead. It must be some optimistic undertaker who starts silly rumors like that. Ralph Lewis lives at 8221 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. His later pictures are "In the Name of the Law," "Westbound Limited," "The Third Alarm" and "The Mailman." No, Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron are not divorced. William S. Hart's latest picture is "Singer Jim McKee."

VERA MCINTOSH—Madge Bellamy is twenty and Lois Wilson about twenty-five. Antonio Moreno is twenty-six and Jack Pickford thirty-eight. Mary Astor is not married. The stork is hovering over Lila Lee and James Kirkwood's home this month.

MOVIE MAD—You shouldn't let movies go to your head like that; you might get dizzy. Mae Murray is thirty-one. The best way I can suggest to get pictures of actors and actresses is to ask for them. Gloria's next picture is to be "The Wages of Virtue."

SPEED—I need a little speed if I'm to get all these questions answered in time for the printer. Gloria is five feet three, weighs 112 and has black hair and blue eyes.

TRIXIE—So you have an idea that I'm very generous? You should see me when someone tries to borrow some money. John Bowers was married a few months ago to Marguerite De La Motte and lives at 141 S. Manhattan Place, Hollywood. Write Agnes Ayres at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood; Barbara La Marr, Wyoming Apts., 7th Ave. and 53rd St., New York; and Wesley Barry at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

MARIE BRIMMER—Yes, I suppose it was all these letters which gave me this beard. You see, I'm kept so busy answering questions that I don't get time to shave. Richard Dix is thirty, is 6 feet tall, weighs 185, has brown hair and eyes and is not married. Yes, I understand that his real name is Brummer. Huntley Gordon is 6 feet tall and (*Continued on page 28*)

The True Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 13)

years, on my experience in vaudeville as a single act when I was a rank amateur, but getting by on a lot of "nerve" and some talent, I recall my tremendous ambition to become a good vaudeville headliner and now, after the intervening years, to have that position offered me and to reject it in favor of another medium of artistic expression, occurs to me *"as a thing that could not happen having occurred."*

During that year, together with these personal appearances, I made five pictures for Whitman Bennett: "His Wife's Husband," "The Darling of the Rich," "Tre Truth About Wives," "Saint or Sinner" and "How Women Love." These pictures were all taken in my moving picture studio at Yonkers, a suburb of New York City.

I LIVED during this time in a charming house on Fifty-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York, which I took great pleasure in furnishing completely throughout, endeavoring to make it a real home. I was very proud of my roof garden, but just as it was completed, with swinging chairs, tea tables, lanterns, awnings, aquarium and other pleasurable acquisitions, winter popped in over night and the weather became very cold. All my precious goldfish died of chilblains or something.

To my surprise and joy, the mayor of a middle western city sent me a yellow Persian cat. I called her "Sheba" and was perfectly crazy about her. She learned to retrieve just like a dog when a knitted ball was thrown. I was so proud of her that I entered her in a Cat Show at the Waldorf Astoria, and in a cage lined with royal purple velvet, she reclined on a gold satin cushion, and, lo and behold! won second prize in the Kitty Class for 1923. From that time on, I treated her with increased respect and admiration. I finally consented to her marriage with Lord Eckles, an aristocratic Persian of her same coloring, and "Sheba" eventually presented me with a noble family consisting of nine kittens.

In this profession, I have found it so difficult to possess anything, be it home, garden, lover or pets. As soon as you are "sitting pretty," to speak in the vernacular, a call comes to make a picture in Hong Kong or the North Pole. I have yet to go to Mars, but my hopes "hang high."

A humorous thing happened at Xmas time, when I went shopping for toys to donate to a big public Christmas tree. I chose to shop in Stern's department store, West Forty-second Street, and when I found myself in that fairyland of gay colors and silly "little" things, I forgot I was grown-up and in a hurry. I spied a toy moving picture projector—and a real picture being thrown on a wee white screen. I stood fascinated, of course, and watched it buzz along, deciding it was my favorite toy (I wonder why?). After it was over, I turned, my face wreathed in smiles, to find "the other" member of the audience was Will Rogers. We both laughed and looked so silly to be caught playing at our own profession even in Toyland.

Following the Whitman Bennett contract, I was called from England to play the role of Zaharet in "Chu Chin Chow." I hesitated about accepting this engagement, because England has been known to make inferior films through lack of technical knowledge. However, I was dying to go to Europe again, being very weary from the strenuous year described in these pages, and accepted, disposing sadly of all my dear-bought treasures, "Sheba Cat" included.

I sailed on the Majestic April 21, 19233, had a very smooth crossing and arrived in Berlin, Germany, where the film was to be made. I was greeted at the station by all the officials of the company, numerous automobiles, and every courtesy it was possible to afford me.

AT the Eden Hotel there, a gorgeous banquet awaited me with the large cast of English actors as guests, and many important German officials affiliated with the English production. It was very brilliant and very flattering to be treated as a queen chosen from all the American stars to play in England's proudest possession, "Chu Chin Chow," which, as a stage extravaganza, had run five years in London.

The suite of rooms which they had prepared for me resembled a luxurious Elinor Glyn boudoir rather than living quarters. I learned that Pola Negri had occupied this same suite during the production in Berlin of "Passion," "Carmen," and others I do not know of. It was a riot of color, decorated with bowers of flowers and soft lights, the air laden with perfume, and the sense of excitement at my arrival thrilled me exceedingly.

I soon found that the German people employed to costume me were far too heavy and clumsy in their ideas to deck an American girl in Oriental splendor, so I threw out all their designs and started to work with the director to fashion them myself. They proved very successful, but I had to go into the workroom of this vast costuming establishment and cut things out from paper, pin them together and make it possible for them to copy, because I found the German craftsmen perfectly able to imitate, but not so good in creative workmanship. The costumes turned out daringly bizarre and decorative, more nearly resembling Ziegfeld Follies display than a dark-skinned Oriental slave but, at least, they were gorgeous.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

In the preceding chapters of her Life Story, Miss Blythe has written of her birth in Los Angeles, of her distinguished family, of her schooling and study of music, and of the first urges that drew her to the theatre. She recounted her first experiences before the footlights in vaudeville, in musical comedy, and in the legitimate drama. And she has told of the series of fortuitous accidents which led to her arrival at fame in the motion pictures.

Miss Blythe has told of many of her delightful experiences and friendships in the "early days" with men and women who are now of the elite of screendom. And she has told of the series of "personal appearances" on tour over the entire country which followed the star's phenomenal success in "The Queen of Sheba."

And, at the end of last week's instalment, she told of a little girl in one town she visited who brought her flowers each evening and expressed her devoted admiration for the lovely star . . . But it was a small adventure cut short by the news from the police that the child had stolen the funds with which to buy flowers for her heroine.

The studio we worked in was a couple of blocks from this perfectly appointed hotel, and the one in which Miss Negri and Mr. Lubitsch had worked. It was most wonderfully equipped and the prompt and willing German staff was very helpful to our production.

One of the most interesting things of the Berlin experience was the personalities of the forty thieves who worked throughout the film, for, of course, Chu Chin Chow was the Thief of Bagdad, and the forty thieves his colleagues.

During the first day's work, I had noticed the wonderful faces of these men, their dignity, their quietude and their attention to business. Owing to the period in which "Chu Chin Chow" was played, and that I represented an Arabian desert slave, it was necessary for me to be costumed accordingly with chiffon pantaloons and various light garbs which might be thought extremely immodest by some people in these days of Reform Leagues and Blue Law enforcements.

Under such conditions I worked right ahead, utterly unconcerned, and was pleased to find that these forty men, on the stage with me so constantly, seemed never to observe that I was slightly clad nor to embarrass me in any way. Upon inquiry as to where they had been found, they proved to be a band of Russian refugees, many of noble birth and formerly in the royal service. I remember particularly noticing their beautiful hands and coming to the conclusion that our "thieves" were not ordinary men. They could never return to Russia without facing certain death at the hands of the Soviet Government and here, in poverty and exile, they worked at whatever they could find to do. I think of them most sympathetically.

Our English director had the City of Bagdad erected on vast sand dunes which happened to lie in the suburbs, about twenty minutes out from Berlin. It was a wonderful site and looked as though we had really photographed it all in Algiers instead of but a minor portion.

We could not make all the picture in Algiers, because at that time of the year (May and June), the heat is so intense and the huge black flies so busy that we could not have worked and kept a make-up on.

I wish we had had a little more heat in Berlin during the filming of "Chu Chin Chow," because in chiffon pantaloons with a string of beads for a waist, it is none too comfortable to stand in a strong East wind and smile.

WE had a band of semi-civilized cannibals with us who were working in cabarets in Berlin; one a fire-eater, the others stomach dancers and contortionists providing various forms of amusements. They were the merriest, most abandoned kind of blacks you could ever imagine, and danced and frolicked all the time tirelessly.

I had one costume in which I was sold on the auction block and the legs were wound very tightly in gold cloth—so tightly, in fact, that I could not sit down in them and could scarcely walk for fear of cracking them in the knees.

Therefore, with usuual English courtesy, the officials of the company built for my transportation across the sand to our city of Bagdad, a miniature railroad. This was a great help and enabled me to sit with outstretched limbs upon a little flat car in which I was propelled by an Arab and this saved me from plodding barefoot, soiling and scratching my feet in the sand, and certainly it preserved the cut of my trousers.

I saw many well-acted plays in Berlin, but all so naughty that they were repellent rather than charming. The French people present them so attractively. Since my return, I have certainly enjoyed in contrast the healthy and normal American offerings which are sometimes risquées, but never in bad taste.

One love scene played in "Katja the Dancer" made any such work I have done or ever seen anyone else do look like child's play.

In the Opera House they certainly excel and night after night I sat spellbound in the midst of a rapt, appreciative audience drinking in the immortal harmonies of Wagner, Richard Strauss and other German composers.

While working in the studio one day, I was interrupted by an introduction to the great Emil Jannings, whom you will remember as playing so magnificently the role of Henry VIII in "Deception," and with Pola Negri in "Passion" as Louis XV. I was very much delighted to meet this artist and looked up into his bland, round face, with its expression of simplicity and subtle charm beaming from a pair of laughing eyes.

"He likes the ladies," was what I thought in the back of my head, as I shook his hand and murmured pleasantries in my bad German in exchange for his terrible English. He seemed very anxious to come to America and asked many questions about our moving picture activities.

EVERYBODY wanted to come to America from the wigmaker up. It seems to be the Mecca for the ambitious of the old world. I met several other German moving picture stars: Lea De Puty, Lee Pary of "Monna Vanna" fame; and Henny Porten, who played Anne Boleyn in "Deception," all of whom appeared to me cordial and very emotional and, most of all, crazy to learn details of Pola Negri, since her arrival in America; and the same question met me on all sides:

"Was she married to Charlie Chaplin?"

They all seemed to very much envy her American position.

I do not think the German women, no matter how compelling their acting may be, can compare with the American women, because they have no style and their coiffures are so frowswy, unkempt

and lacking in smartness that they positively look prehistoric. The average American woman is an all-round *artiste* and not content without the finishing touches of perfect grooming both on and off the screen.

Many times in all parts of Europe, I saw glorious dancing in cabarets rendered by poverty-stricken artists, and their shabby clothes and sad eyes were a tragedy to me. The self-same people in America would occupy the most enviable position on the stage, but in their own country can scarcely obtain food.

The chorus girls in Berlin at the time I was there (May, 1923), were receiving in marks a salary per month equivalent to about seventy-five cents of our money.

I gave a twenty cent tip to the girl at the hotel desk who secured a box at the Opera for me on very short notice and this tip proved to be so much in marks that she left her position and took a vacation for two weeks.

THE manager of the hotel used to come to the members of this all too generous English company and, with tears in his voice, beg us not to tip the waiters such fabulous sums, saying that they would prove ungovernable after we left.

One day, while enjoying a motor trip to Potsdam, the country-place of the late Kaiser, we stopped for coffee and cakes in the Bodega cafe. We all chatted over our order and found it sc delicious that we called for another round of cakes, only to find to our amazement that the second order cost just twice the amount of the first, because, in the interim, the mark had fallen and the cafe manager was kept well informed of fluctuations.

During the filming of "Chu Chin Chow," they sent for a baby lion as a pet for me from the Zoo, which they assured me was very young, but he looked like a vigorous elephant to me. I knew that if I could get a picture close to him, it would be a novelty and well worth the danger, so I went bravely forth where even Daniel might have feared to tread. From the camera, the trainer, a young woman, made strange noises to attract his attention, while I stole up behind him and put my face right over the top of his head, looking toward the camera. I guess the wind blew his way or a little bird whispered in his ear, or something told him that I was near, for, suddenly, he threw his head up, looked into my face, and as I drew back, rose from the ground, seemingly effortless, preparing to leap at me.

For an eternity it seemed, we looked into each other's eyes and his seemed to shoot forth fire. Suddenly I burst into action, he after me, and, as I felt him nearing me, I quickly projected my diaphragm far ahead, assuming a convex position in front, causing a correspondingly acute concave formation behind (I wish I could illustrate it).

This attitude of mine at the psychological moment, as the lion's huge paw swept downward from the back of my head to my knees, alone saved me from being caught.

Then some of Carl Hagenbeck's men came between us and I live to tell the tale. After the breathless moment was over and peace again reigned, I laughed heartily at the "moving" picture I must have made, resembling humorous cartoons one often sees of darkies running "lickity-split" through ghost-infested graveyards.

It was a lark but, needless to say, I didn't try it again. The trainer was welcome to her "baby" lion.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly, Miss Blythe will recount further incidents of her career. Don't miss any of this unique and interesting human document. It is a rare opportunity, and it is with sincere pride that Movie Weekly offers it to its readers.

Norma Talmadge Will Advise You

Norma Talmadge will let you benefit from her short but crowded lifetime of experience. She stands by to give you advice and aid on any problem which may confront you. Through the columns of Movie Weekly, Miss Talmadge will personally reply to any queries on any intimate problem which may harass you. It is an unusual and a remarkable opportunity. Grasp it!

Have you not some intimate difficulty or worry about love, etiquette, dress—or anything at all on which you feel the need of an experienced and wise woman's advice and help? Then let Norma Talmadge hear from you.

If you like, you may attach to your letter a fictitious name for publication—but you MUST write your own name and address, too. Your question may require a personal reply. In any case, all letters which we receive will be held in strictest confidence.

Let us hear from you at once. We hope to be able to publish Miss Talmadge's replies to the first questions put to her by Movie Weekly readers in our next issue. Address Norma Talmadge, care of "If I Were You" Department, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

Photograph by Abbe

Norma Talmadge

A Woman Who Sinned

(*Continued from page 22*)

Impeded by her skirts, Mrs. Hillburn frantically fought her way to the surface and found the yacht already a good hundred feet away. Slowly she struck out through the early dawn for the distant rock-ribbed coast, knowing that once she gained, the journey to her home would not be such a long one. Two miles, at the most, she figured, would bring her again to the quiet little village of Dunkirk. Once there she knew not what the future would hold for her.

The shock of the cold water had restored her mind to some sort of clarity and, as she continued to swim through the quiet waters toward the distant shore, she wondered just what her future course of action would be. It would be necessary first of all, she knew, for her to tell her husband everything: her mad decision to accept a stranger's invitation on board his yacht and her subsequent struggle with him that ended in her frantic leap from the yacht into the ocean.

The decision to do this had somehow a quieting effect upon Mrs. Hillburn. It provided her future with a destination, where all was aimless before, and she swam now with a feeling of greater confidence in what might lie before her.

AT last she felt herself caught in the heavy ground swell and borne forward toward the rocks of the shore beyond. A strong swimmer, she kept on the crest of the bellows, each time fighting her way nearer for a final landing. She made it without mishap at last and dragged herself wearily up the rocks to the headland, where in the distance, she could see the village of Dunkirk.

Resolutely facing toward the home that nestled in the comfortable security beside the church, whose spire she could see pointing a black finger into the sky. Mrs. Hillburn commenced rapidly to cover the distance that lay between. The rain had increased now to a downpour and the wind was coming up again, she saw, lashing the sea into long white combers. She had made the shore just in time, she thought with relief. Another half hour and the ocean would have been impossible for her to swim in.

At last reaching the village in the dark of early morning, Mrs. Hillburn quickly traversed its few streets until she came to the one on which her home was located. A light in the downstairs window informed her that someone was up and stirring and instinctively she stole to the side of the house and peered in through the window.

WITHIN the room, she could see her husband with her baby boy in his arms, dressing the little fellow and talking the while. The man's face was haggard from loss of sleep and grief, yet he was striving, it was evident, to present a show of cheerfulness to the child.

She stood there in strained, listening expectancy, waiting to catch a word that would tell her what was transpiring in the mind of the man in the room beyond. She had not long to wait. At a question from the child, a plaintive, querulous question, the lips of the elderly husband parted.

"No, dear," he was saying sadly, "mother was lost in the storm last night."

She drew back from the window with a stifled sense of wishing to cry out in protest. Her husband believed her dead—perished in the storm that swept the sea the night before. Then her visit to the yacht must have become known. and her secret shame been discovered. She felt the blood pounding in her temples.

All this—the loss of her home, of her husband and of her good name, had her visit to the yacht the night before brought her. She reeled down the pathway away from the house. It was to be a new life then, she decided, out of which one thing alone rose paramount, and that was her desire for revenge on George Ransdell, the man responsible for it all.

How was Rita Hillburn, a friendless young woman, to revenge herself upon George Ransdell, millionaire clubman? Read next week's Movie Weekly for the next gripping instalment of this serial.

The Pearl Her Director Knows

(*Continued from page 11*)

some thousands of dollars worth of the star's wardrobe.

As for Mr. Jose, he's a wonderful director, having directed many famous stars, including the Talmadges, Caruso . . . of whom he had many interesting tales to recount.

"I was directing Caruso at the time of his marriage," Mr. Jose said. "He came to me one day and asked for a day off. 'I have very important business tomorrow,' he told me; 'can you let me go?'

"'But,' I protested, 'I have no scenes without you, on this set.' But he was persistent, and, even though we were intimate friends, one could not say, 'I forbid' to Caruso . . . isn't that so? But he promised to come to work at three the next day.

"And at three there he was, with a stately lady on his arm. 'This is my wife,' he said, and I acknowledged the introduction. 'You do not believe me,' Caruso accused me. 'Of course I do,' I assured him. 'It would be an insult to the lady for me not to believe you.' 'But,' Caruso shouted (and, incidentally, so did Mr. Jose, waving his arms about dramatically in true European fashion), 'I can see by your face you do not believe me.' So he reached into his pocket and got out his marriage certificate to show me.

"Well, of course there was no more work for that day. We went across the street for some liqueurs to celebrate, and I phoned my wife to come and join us."

Confessions of a Cameraman

(*Continued from page 21*)

for a pig who would "lay me down" when a director told him to.

We worked for three days along the "right of way" of the Florida East Coast Railway, with a regular "train" of hand cars to get our "Follow Stuff."

We had, first, the regulation hand car you are all familiar with, on which our comedian worked, next came a small flat car, for the camera, the director, etc. These two cars were held together by a piece of wood about fifteen feet long. This was to keep the proper distance between the first car and the camera, and back of all came a "power" car, that is, a small car equipped with a gasoline engine, and that drove the whole train, so that all our comedian had to do was make believe that he was propelling his hand car.

Finally, we finished everything but the pig scenes, and we thought he had forgotten all about them. It's true that we took the scene of the bundles flying off the hand car, but that scene did not necessarily have to be followed by the pig scenes. He just could have lost the bundles and let it go at that.

But he didn't forget those scenes. I think he still held it in for the assistant and myself for laughing at him, because when we got to the studio the morning we had finished the picture, thinking that we would have the day off, he was waiting for us with the car, crew, a roll of piano wire, the bundles we had used in the hand car scenes, and we knew we were in for it.

The property man had located a small piggery not far from the edge of Jacksonville, where we were located for the winter, and had made arrangements with the negro woman who owned it for us to do our scenes, so off we went.

We arrived on the location, set the camera up, and got ready to take the first scene in the sequence, the scene where the bundles fall in the pen and the pigs rush to them.

Well, we threw the bundles in and the pigs rushed . . . the other way. They either got insulted at our throwing things at them, or weren't accustomed to having their food delivered to them in packages. They all ran away and hid.

We tried again, and with the same results. The assistant and I wanted to laugh, but just at that time we didn't dare.

He then decided to "split" the scene, that is, take one "shot" of the bundles landing in the pen, then move the camera further back and show the pigs coming up and eating.

WE got our first scene all right, then we placed the bundles and the camera in the pen at a spot where I could get the best "shot," and I waited for those pigs to come up.

Naturally, those pigs, seeing first a gang of people hanging over the fence of their residence, and then a stranger with a funny looking box on legs right on their front porch, were a bit scary about coming forward.

I knew that, all animals being very inquisitive, eventually they would come up, so prepared to wait, but I assure you that standing in a pig's front yard with the warm Florida sunshine beating right down on it, isn't just the spot that one would pick to spend his vacation. But the director, getting impatient, said I had better leave the camera and come out of the pen, and when they crowded around the bundles, go in and take the scene.

I figured that if I did as he asked, the moment I stepped back in again, those pigs would stampede, but I didn't want to argue with him, as I could see that he was fast losing his goat and, as I wasn't feeling any too humorous myself just then, did as he requested.

Not long after I got out of that pen, the pigs took courage, and one by one at first, and then in a gang, came up to those bundles and started right after them.

I walked to the fence, climbed over, and before I could get to my camera, away went the pigs for the tall timber. This time I stood right back of that camera and waited for them to come back.

Well, I waited in a not too happy frame of mind, and I thought of a lot of places where I wished the director, his pigs, the scenario writer, and the whole motion picture business could go to just then, and I would never miss them.

Finally, when those pigs saw that I meant no harm toward them, they started to come out of their hiding places, the bolder ones first, and then the more timid, until I was completely surrounded by a lot of ham on the hoof, and they proceeded to get real friendly, too friendly for my satisfaction. I never craved pigs as playmates, they are a bit too odoriferous for me.

Most of them left those bundles flat and started "Oiking, oiking," around my feet, the tripod legs, sampling the wood with their tongues and teeth, and when one of the bolder ones started tc sample my boots, I got mad, kicked it, started another stampede, didn't get my scene, and got into a good hot argument with the director, which didn't put either of us in any happier frame of mind.

We had been working several hours around that pig pen, and all we had accomplished in that time was one little scene of the bundles falling into the pen, and everybody acquired a grade "A" grouch, so when the negro woman who owned the pigs came up to us and said, "You all better come back later, 'cos you sho' kaint do nuffin' wif' dem pigs now. You all got them skairt mos' to deaf," we decided to go back to the studio and come back later in the afternoon.

On the way back to town we tried to talk the director into abandoning the attempt of getting those scenes, but it acted like pouring oil on a fire. He had made up his mind to GET those scenes, and he was the director, and the director is the BOSS, and that's that!

Well, we went back that afternoon, and after a lot of waiting, retakes and wasting a lot of film, we got the scene of the pigs eating the contents of the bundles.

OF course the director was very much pleased, and while he still had the impossible scene to do, that of the pig "laying down, etc.," his last words to us that day were:

"Bright and early at the studio tomorrow and we'll get that other scene."

What a fat chance he had, but there was nothing to do but either obey orders or quit the job, and that wasn't enough provocation to quit, besides we knew he would get over it very soon.

We got back to that place where those pigs had lived in happiness and peace until we tried to make actors out of them and the director picked out the one who was to be "starred."

I want to say right now that our director sure had an eye for beauty. He picked out a nice big, fat, healthy-looking pig, one of the kind that is built very close to the ground, and to make things all the merrier, our "star" pig was very temperamental. All you had to do was to look at that pig and it would run.

We lost our tempers and another day trying to get the scene of "Pig smelling ham," without the "Laying down and dying" part, and got nothing.

Going back to the studio that evening, no one said a word; our "troupe" were no longer on speaking terms. All the director said when he dismissed us for the day was, "Tomorrow morning, early!"

When we got to the location the next day, he had blood in his eyes. He was determined to get that scene, and get it that day, if he had to kill every pig in that pen. But he reckoned without the "Lady of color" who happened to own those pigs.

I set the camera up, and as he was coming toward me, uncoiling his piano wire, the owner of the pigs happened to come along, too. I could see by the way she was coming toward us that she was getting rather "fed up" with the way we were treating her future sausages and pork roll.

She came up to the director, who was giving instructions to our studio crew, which at that particular moment were trying to catch our "pig star," on the proper method of capturing pigs, and said:

"White man, what yo' all aimin' to do wif dat wire?"

The director, who hadn't heard her come up, looked at her in surprise and said, "I just want to tie it around that pig's legs when my men catch it. I want to trip it up so that it will play dead . . . I assure you I won't hurt it."

"Won' hurt it! Man, effen yo' all try to trip

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

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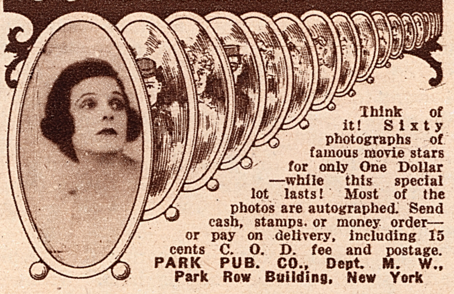

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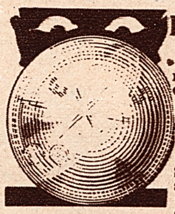

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dat pig oveh wif dat wire, yo' all goin' to break his laig an' nuffin' else but; 'sides, I'se thinkin' yo' all done 'nuf fooln' aroun' wif dem pigs, an yo' ought to be 'shamed of yo'seff treatin' dem po' animals like dat!"

"Madam, I assure you I won't hurt your pigs, besides I must get this scene for my picture or it will spoil the whole thing," which we knew was a lot of "applesauce." "And if you will let met get this one scene I will give you ten dollars."

That "ten dollars" stuff sort of made that woman think for a minute, but she knew darned well that if he tried to trip up the pig with the wire that there would be *one* pig with broken legs, which meant no longer pig but pork, and ten dollars wasn't going to pay for her pig, so she said:

"White man, I don' know nuffin' 'bout yo' pictures, but I knows that yo' run mo' than ten dollars woth o' meat offen dem pigs a'ready. Iffen yo' all wan' dat pig, yo' all gimme fifty dollars en yo' kin tie wires on his laigs an' rope on his neck, an' dat's all I got to say!" Which simply goes to prove that some people do not appreciate ART.

That was the end of the "pig stuff." We knew darned well and so did the director, that the office might stand for a ten dollar "location expense," but they were not in the market for pork, and by this time he was beginning to doubt the feasibility of his plan, so back to the studio we went, just as I knew from the beginning, without the pig scenes.

Three weeks later, when I thought the director had forgotten all about that pig episode, I casually remarked to him that if we had soaked the ham with a concentrated solution of chloroform we might have got the scene. He went right up in the air and gave me one good bawling out, which I admit I deserved. But we soon kissed and made up again so everything was forgotten.

After that, whenever he would make some bum suggestion, or attempt the impossible, all we had to say was, "My God, my son!" and he would give up.

THE END.

The Colonel

(*Continued from page 24*)

weighs 175. He wouldn't tell me his age even though I took the trouble to phone him—at three in the morning, at that. The last home address I have for him is Bayshore, Long Island.

MANUAL LABLABJIAN—Doug Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883. He is about 5 feet 10. He hasn't announced the name of his picture to follow "The Thief of Bagdad."

LINGER AWHILE—Is that an invitation? Mae Allison has been stopping at the Town House Hotel, 70 Central Park West, New York. No, Conway Tearle has no children.

MISCHIEF—No, I didn't fall asleep over your letter. It's my fate in life never to be allowed to fall asleep until I have finished answering a stack of questions. Norma Talmadge gives her birthdate as 1897. No, Laurette and Estelle Taylor are not related. Marion Davies is an American. She is about twenty-four. Write her at the International Studios, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., and I imagine she will send her picture free.

LAURETTE BODIER—Of course it does seem heartless of Ivor Novello to return to England when the fans here are so crazy about him, but they're just as crazy in England. And, of course, you can't blame him for wanting to live in his native country. You can reach him at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. I don't know . . . not having seen it . . . whether "The Rat" is melodrama, but it sounds like it.

ESTHER—Do I think the poor tall girl will ever have a chance? I never knew that a girl had to sit off in the corner because she was tall. Sylvia Breamer is 5 feet 5. Betty Blythe, Irene Castle and Alice Brady are all 5 feet 7. Ricardo Cortez is 6 feet 1; he was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. No, he isn't married.

RED-HEAD ROSE—Richard Dix told me once, when I asked him where he wanted his fan

(*Continued on page 31*)

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On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page 17*)

stage experience, short, sweet and unforgettable."

Miss Livingston has been made a star, you know, and will appear in "The Follies Girl" as her first stellar vehicle.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

It looks as though a couple which has been considered one of the happily married pairs of the Hollywood film colony is about to be divorced. Ora Carew who was wed to John Howard son of a millionaire salad dressing manufacturer about two years ago is now suing him for divorce.

A good deal of excitement preceded the filing of the divorce proceedings. A car bearing the couple tore down Hollywood Boulevard not long ago with a woman screaming inside. Traffic officers took after it and the occupants were found to be Miss Carew and her husband. Miss Carew quieted down then, and said they had only been having an argument about which way they should drive. A short time afterward John C. Howard was brought to the receiving hospital, supposed to be dying from having taken poison. Ora Carew brought him. He explained that he had taken veronal for headache.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

The animal trainers seem to be having a tragic time of it. Two have recently died as the result of injuries sustained at the hands of their animal charges.

Curley Stecker, who has been the animal tamer for Universal during the past ten years, died recently from injuries received about a year ago when Charlie, the elephant, hurt him with his great foot and his trunk.

And now Chick Morrison, trainer of Rex, star horse of Hal Roach pictures, is dead following training stunts with a new and fiery Arabian horse which Roach was to use in a picture. Chick was schooling the animal in wheeling, stopping and starting suddenly; the creature stumbled and fell, pinning Morrison beneath him. The trainer was unconscious when the horse was lifted off him, was carried to a hospital, but died on the way.

Chick Morrison is brother of Pete Morrison, well-known cowboy actor. He leaves a widow and a son. Formerly he worked in pictures with Ruth Roland Tom Mix and other Western stars.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Death claimed the mother of Harold Lloyd recently, following a long illness. Lloyd's mother had long been divorced from his father, and was the wife of William Davis. Harold was deeply devoted to both his parents and it was the great sorrow of his life that the two were separated. However, his parents were good friends.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

What looks like a nicely budding romance is that between Lois Wilson and Ronald Coleman. Everybody who knows both thinks this would be an ideal combination. Coleman is a gentleman, a reserved, quiet, scholarly man, and Miss Wilson stands for everything that is fine in American girlhood.

The two are seen together frequently at parties and at the theatre.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Dorothy Devore, who parked her comedy bathing suit a few weeks ago and announced that she was going into drama, has her first dramatic role. She will play the lead in Hugo Ballin's picture, "The Prairie Wife"—has, indeed, already started work.

"I like the change very much," said Miss Devore, "it isn't half so serious as comedy, really, and not a quarter as dangerous."

In "Hold Your Breath," Miss Devore was required to do some grand and lofty tumbling that does really make you obey the title. She was hurt in a fall, and never afterward felt the same courage. She refused to have a double, because she said that only little boys could double for her, she is so small, and she didn't like to have it on her conscience that she was letting children take her place doing the dangerous stunts.

Two old friends and co-stars met the other day, when Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey accidentally came together in New York—Eaton's Neck, Long Island, to be exact.

Tony was motoring and had slowed his car down, when he heard a voice calling his name from a house by the wayside. He took a look, stopped his car, a woman came down from the veranda, and he beheld his old pal, Edith Storey.

Miss Storey has been living with her mother and brother in the cottage by the sea, ever since she quit pictures some five years ago. Tony came in to visit with her and her mother, and they had a happy time reminiscing about the old days.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

It is not a New Year's resolution that made Sylvia Breamer decide to walk each morning to the studio. It was her doctor's advice following an attack of the flu.

"I planned," explained Miss Breamer, "that when I began my next picture for First National, I would walk from my home to the studio each day. If it was too late to do so in the morning, I would take the car then and walk home when finished in the evening.

"The first morning I walked four blocks, when some friends, passing in a car, insisted upon taking me to the studio. That evening I had hardly rounded the corner from the studio when another friend insisted upon giving me a lift home. The next morning, one block was all that I could manage before being given assistance.

"The climax to my good resolutions came when I opened the door the following morning. Three cars were drawn up at the curb Rather than hurt the owners' feelings by selecting any one of them, I decided to give up my good resolution and use my own car hereafter. Just try to obey your doctor and walk in Los Angeles!"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

How the real "baby stars" are growing up, to be sure! Virginia L. Corbin, who used to play baby roles in Fox pictures, is a young lady now. You can't say that she has lengthened her dresses and done up her hair, because young ladies don't do those things any more.

But she has been engaged by James Cruze for a regular grown-up young lady role in "The Cafe of the Fallen Angels."

While Virginia was growing up—she is sixteen now, I believe—she left pictures for a while and went into vaudeville.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Betty Compson is making an intensive study of what lions like. Also she is trying to find out what conduct particularly irritates lions. And she is going to get her knowledge all down pat.

For Betty is to be supported by a whole crowd of lions in "The Female," the scene of which is laid in South Africa.

"Of course if the lions get obstreperous," said Betty, "I'll try the power of the human eye on them; but if they don't seem impressed at once, I'm afraid I shall lose faith in the power of the human eye ‑d try the power of the human leg."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

A new matinee idol seems about to arise above the picture horizon. He is Rex Lease, who played the lead in Finis Fox's "A Woman Who Sinned," and who has just been engaged to play the lead in Frank Woods' new picture, to be made up at San Mateo, and entitled "Chalk Mark."

Lease was a dancer as a child, touring the country with his mother, who was in vaudeville. He is a Southern boy, with a good background of family and education. He took a course at Columbia University before beginning his picture career.

The young juvenile looks so much like Cullen Landis that he is frequently taken for him. Indeed, only last week Lease went back-stage at the Pantages Theatre, and was greeted effusively by a beautiful young dancer, who insisted that he was Landis, and that she had a supper engagement with him.

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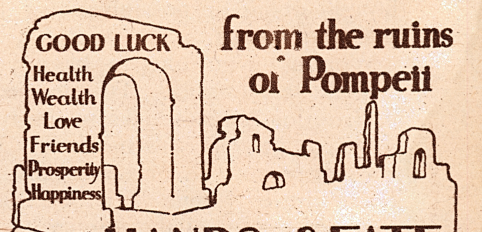

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Is Baby Peggy a Heroine At Home?

(Continued from page 8)

otherwise. Louise is very sensible and thoroughly understands."

"Are the children alike in any respect?" we asked.

"I think," smiled Mrs. Montgomery, "that Louise is more tender-hearted, more easily moved than Peggy is. Louise is governed by her heart and Peggy is governed by her head. Peggy is more 'hard-boiled.'"

At this juncture a man entered with a record Baby Peggy had made for some talking machine, someone phoned about reservations for the next day when the Montgomery family were to start forth on a tour of the principal cities, winding up at Atlantic City preparatory to their return home, and the various wheels of Baby Peggy's career hummed so loudly that we thought it best to take our reluctant departure.

Now, what do you think? *Is* Baby Peggy a heroine in her own home? Of *course* she is. Isn't every little girl?

What Our Readers Think of Us

(Continued from page 19)

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I am so glad Betty Blythe's life story has started, as I have been a true fan of this lady's for several years. No one is more worthy of such a prominent place in your periodical than this favorite.

Elinor Glyn on Summer Flirtations

(Continued from page 5)

or you may find yourself bankrupt when the Big Love comes. And be sure before you enter deliberately into a summer flirtation that you are going to regard it as an episode and not a continued story. Be sure, too, that when it is over there will be no bitter memories to wake you in the night cringing with shame. The usual advice to girls is to do nothing that will allow a man to think cheaply of them. But I say—do nothing that will make you think less of *yourself* afterward, for you will have to live on intimate terms with yourself the rest of your days!"

A strictly mental flirtation may be beyond the possibilities of most young people, she admits, but the petting parties in which so many couples engage, the spooning and kissing in darkened limousines, the hand holding in veranda corners are as common and vulgar as the unabashed wooing of park bench and bus top.

"My heart," said Madame Glyn, locating it with those flashing, vital hands, "is with the young. I want happiness for them. If a summer flirtation can bring happiness I say, 'Flirt and bless you my children!' But play fair with each other. And remember that you do not have a right to kisses and embraces which were meant for a purpose you disavow—the awakening of the sacred instinct of procreation!"

She smiled a slow, enigmatic smile and delivered a final phrase in the best delphic oracle vein. "After all," said Elinor Glyn cryptically, "when you let down your hedges almost anything may get into your garden, may it not?"

(*Continued from page* 28)

mail sent, that his sister sends out his pictures from the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Richard recently played in "Sinners in Heaven." Baby Peggy's hair is dark brown. Dick Barthelmess' little girl is about a year and a half or two years old. Milton Sills is in his forties.

BETTY—John Gilbert is twenty-nine and is married to Leatrice Joy. His address is Los Angeles Athletic Club. See MARIE BRIMMER.

THE KNOCKOUT KING—For a cooling drink I suppose you have knockout drops. Corinne Griffith is twenty-six and is Mrs. Walter Morosco. Write her at 53341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

MY DEVOTED SHEBA—I didn't know I had a devoted Sheba and now I'm wondering what one does with a devoted Sheba. Edna Murphy lives at 926½ N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, and Mary Jane Sanderson at 549 Curson Ave., Los Angeles. May McAvoy has her mail sent to the Lasky Studio, Hollywood.

W. F. K.—As Eddie Polo is engaged in a several years' trip around the world he's a little hard to locate just now. He doesn't give his age.

PANSY FLOWER—I think, by the number of questions you ask, that you have designs on my leisure. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto. Mae Busch is divorced from Francis MacDonald. Mary Philbin is not married. Ruth Clifford lives at 7627 Emelita, Los Angeles. Marjorie Daw at 6737 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, and Betty Francisco at 1771½ Gower St., Hollywood. Lila Lee is nineteen.

A READER—Charles Ray has been working recently on "Dynamite Smith." Charles Jones was born in Indiana and was a cowboy before he went into movies, a fancy rider in a Wild West show. He is slightly under 6 feet, weighs 173 and has brown hair and grey eyes. He lives at 1954 Crasena, Drive, Los Angeles. See MOVIE MAD.

WILL O' THE WISP—Alberta Vaughn can be reached at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

M. E. C.—Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree at present, but was formerly the husband of Alice Joyce.

SCOTTIE—You usually find that the bigger the star the more likely he or she is to charge a quarter for photographs, because of the enormous number of requests. Mary Pickford charges a quarter, but she gives all the money to a charity organization. Clara Bow would probably send you a picture free; address her at Principal Pictures Studio, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Myrtle Stedman lives at 308½ S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. I fancy she would send her picture free.

VALENTINO FAN—Movie Weeklies for one year back can always be obtained by sending ten cents for each copy wanted to the Movie Weekly office. "Valentino's First Day in the Studio" was published in the March 15, 1924 issue. His story of his trip abroad began in the February 23, 1924 number.

IN LOVE WITH KENNETH—And Kenneth! Alas, his affections are otherwise occupied. Write him at the Whitman Bennett Studios, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York. Kenneth was born in New York City. Edith Johnson lives at 1624 Hudson Ave., Hollywood. She is Mrs. William Duncan. House Peters is in his forties. I believe he is married.

THE ONE THAT LOVES CONWAY TEARLE—Which one? Write him at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose St., Los Angeles. See BLUE EYES.

L. E. A. A. C.—I'll bet you just love alphabet soup. Malcolm MacGregor is twenty-seven; he is married and has a little daughter. I don't know his wife's former name—she is not an actress. Cullen Landis is about thirty; Tom Mix is forty-four or five. See JEFF. The girl with Tom Mix in "The Trouble Shooter" was Kathleen Key.

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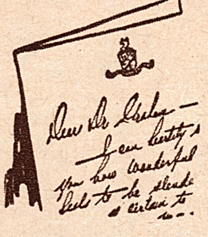

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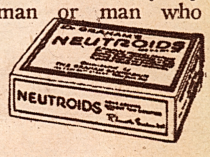
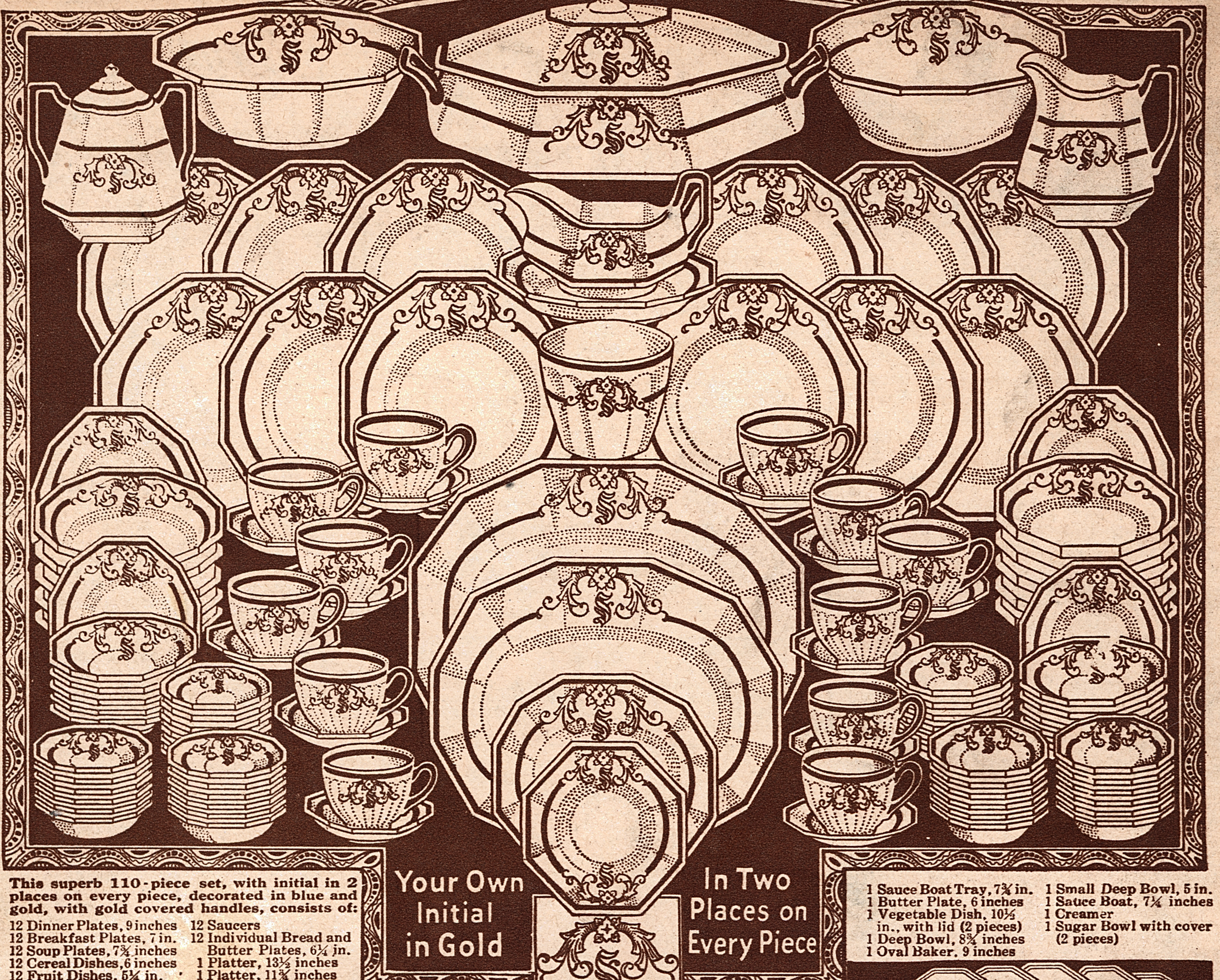


Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, 123 East 89th Street, Dept. 608-H, c-o The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., New York City:—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman $2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival of the Neutroids in **plain package.** I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

Name ....

Address ....

....



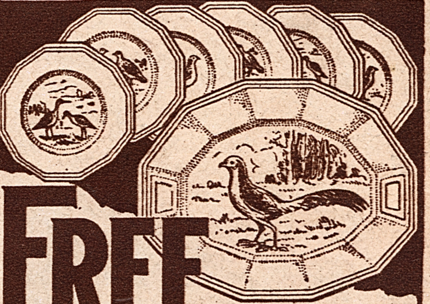
This superb 110-piece set, with initial in 2 places on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 in.
12 Soup Plates, 7¾ inches
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 5¼ in.
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
1 Platter, 13½ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ in.
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ in., with lid (2 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 in.
1 Sauce Boat, 7¼ inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

Pin Only a Dollar Bill to Coupon

Read this sensational offer from **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World.** Then send for this beautiful 110-piece blue and gold decorated Dinner Set while the bargain price lasts, and get FREE with it the handsome 7-piece Fish and Game Set. It's easy to get this set from Hartman. No postal or express order needed, no check to write—only a dollar bill, that's all, and that is your first payment. Nothing more to pay for 30 days, then only small monthly payments if you keep the set. Only by seeing this splendid dinnerware can you appreciate its exquisite beauty and superior quality. Every article in the Dinner Set has a clear, white, lustrous body, decorated with rich gold band edge, a mazarine blue follow band and two pure gold initials in Old English design, surrounded by graceful gold wreaths. All handles covered with gold. Many expensive imported sets have not such elaborate decorations. Every piece guaranteed perfect.

IMPORTANT!
Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for 3 years. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once.



FREE Full Size, 7-Piece Porcelain Set for Fish or Game

This beautiful 7-piece set of handsome, durable porcelain comes to you absolutely FREE, when you order the 110-Piece Dinner Set. Includes one 11½-in. platter and six 7-inch plates, all with assorted tinted borders and attractive colored designs in center. Costs you nothing either now or later. Every home should have this set for company, special occasions and home decoration.

110-Piece Colonial Initialed, Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

To get this splendid set for free examination in your home, just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it. We will ship the set complete, and with it the 7-piece Porcelain Fish and Game Set absolutely FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial. See these beautiful dishes on your table, show them to friends, use them—then make your decision. If not satisfied, send them back and we will refund your $1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay balance due on the 110-piece set—a little every month. Pay nothing at any time for the 7-piece Fish and Game Set. It is free. Send coupon now.

**Order No. 320FFMA24.
110-Piece Dinner Set.
Our Bargain Price $33.85.
$1 with Order. $3 Monthly. The 7-Piece Fish and Game Set FREE.**

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Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World
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Just Pin Dollar Bill to Coupon—Mail Today!

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO. Dept. 6755 Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $1.00. Send the
110-Piece Dinner Set No. 320FFMA24, Price $33.85
and with it the 7-piece Porcelain Set absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing further for goods on arrival—only the small freight charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If satisfied, I will send you $3.00 monthly until full price of Dinner Set, $33.85, is paid. Will pay nothing at any time for the 7-Piece Porcelain Set. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied after 30 days' free trial, I will ship all goods back and you will refund my $1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways.

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ELINOR GLYN TALKS ON SUMMER FLIRTATIONS

Movie Weekly

AUGUST 9th 1924

10¢

Is Baby Peggy a Heroine at Home?
see Page 7

News of Pearl White!

Alma Rubens
Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

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